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# A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY



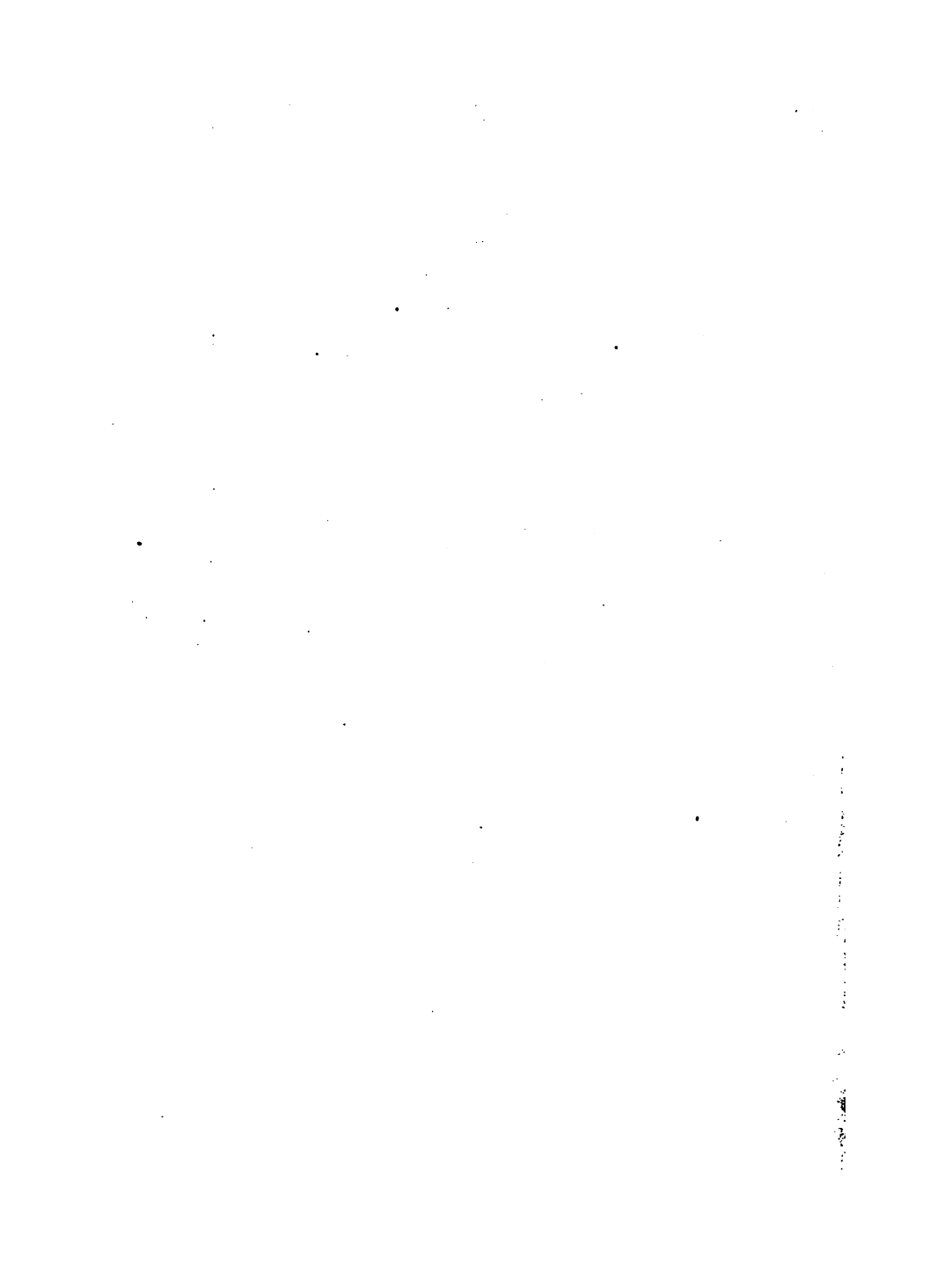
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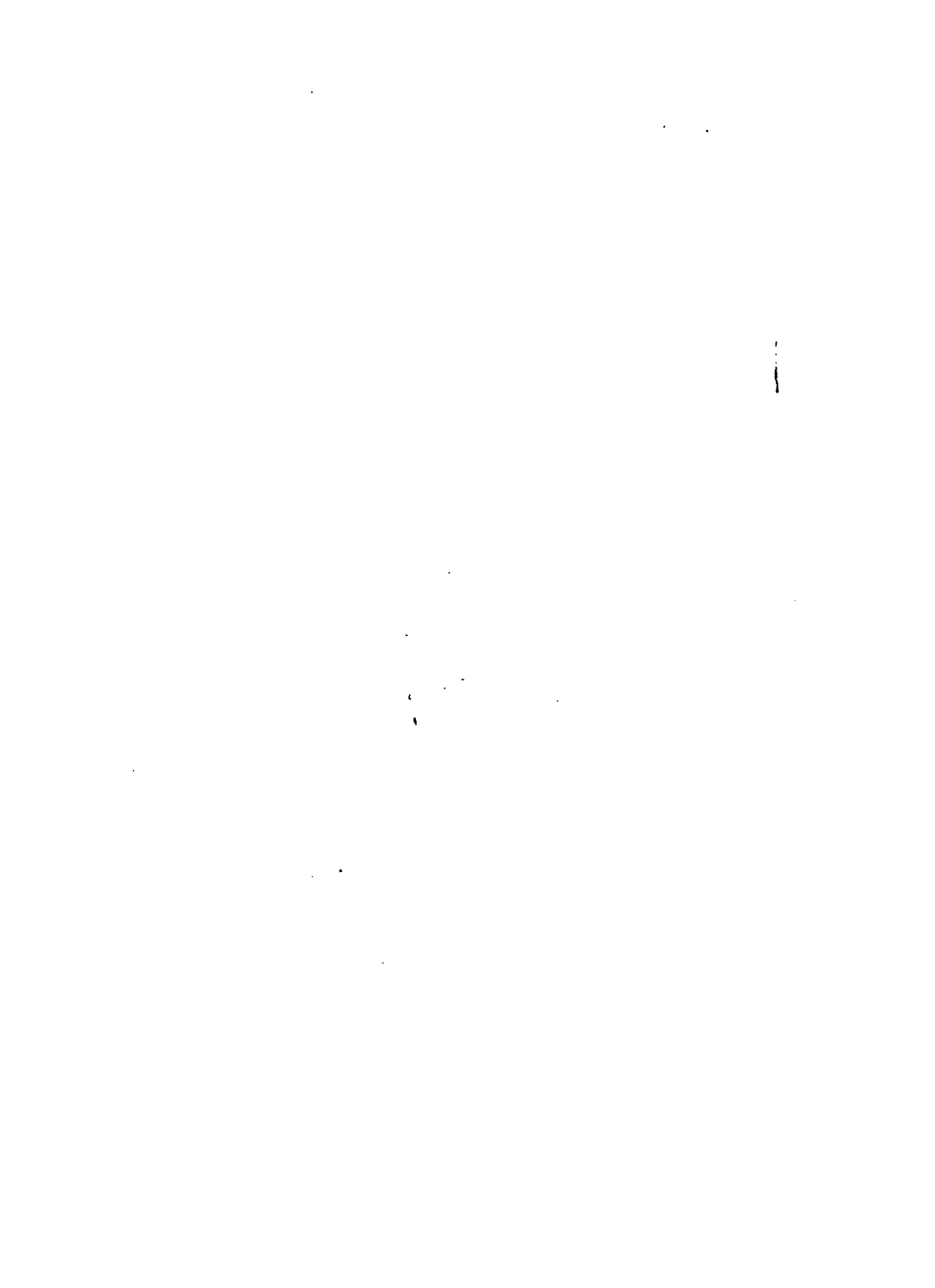
Works of  
**Edith Robinson**



**A Loyal Little Maid**  
**A Little Puritan Rebel**  
**A Little Daughter of Liberty**



**L. C. PAGE AND COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)  
**212 Summer St., Boston, Mass.**







NANNY.

# A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY

*sent in a  
1/16/10  
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BY

EDITH ROBINSON

AUTHOR OF "A LOYAL LITTLE MAID," "A LITTLE  
PURITAN REBEL," ETC.

Illustrated by

AMY M. SACKER



BOSTON

L. C. PAGE AND COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

1899

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**Colonial Press**

Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

transfer from Circ. Dept. *M. C. Steubing* Rec. NOV 10 1910



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1. The first part of the document is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the city government.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.

## PREFACE.

THREE rides are memorable in the early history of the Revolution. One is the well-known ride of Paul Revere, who, on the night of April 18, 1775, warned the country about Boston of the intended British raid on the morrow.

Less celebrated in verse and story, but equally worthy of commemoration, was the ride of Cæsar Rodney, who, on July second of the same year, rode from Dover, Delaware, to Philadelphia to carry Delaware's vote in favour of the Declaration of Independence, covering the distance of eighty miles in thirty hours.

Early in November, 1775, a young English serving boy rode from the headquarters of the provincial army at Cambridge to Kennebunk, Maine, in less than thirty-six hours. Untold in verse or story, its record preserved only in family papers, or as a dim tradition of the Maine coast, the ride of Anthony Severn was no less heroic in its action and memorable in its consequences.





# A LITTLE DAUGHTER OF LIBERTY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A RENEWED VOW.

"THE streets are crowded! I assure you I had some difficulty in making my way thither. All one hears on every side is talk of the proclamation of his lordship, the new commander-in-chief."

"'Tis indeed true that General Howe has decided to winter in Boston?"

"Wait but an instant till I can draw breath, and I will read the proclamation to you. I secured one of the hand-bills that are being distributed without."

Nanny Bradstreet threw aside her cape and hood. Her frock, like that of her friend, Hannah Soley, was of linsey-woolsey, spun by

their own hands. That arch-rebel, Sam Adams, might utter his seditious sentiments in town meeting, and John Hancock boldly set his signature to that treasonable document, the Declaration of Independence, in the Continental Congress; but neither in Boston nor Philadelphia were to be found more ardent rebels than in the sewing-circles of the Puritan town, even those composed of young girls. In those miniature camps, resolutions were solemnly passed to endure and sacrifice everything rather than yield to the tyranny of the British ministry. Ardent lovers of tea drank without grimace the concoction of raspberry leaves that took the place of the prime Bohea to which they had been accustomed; silken gowns were laid aside without a murmur, for it was arch-treason to purchase goods from England, and even the precious pewter tankards and porringers were cast unhesitatingly into the melting-pot to supply the empty bullet-pouches of the provincial army.

“Listen!”

There was no need of the command, for Hannah was waiting, in much impatience, to learn the contents of the hand-bill. Nanny



“NANNY MOUNTED THE LOW, BROAD WINDOW-  
SILL.”



mounted the low, broad window-sill, and, with an air of much consequence, proceeded to read :

“ ‘Whereas the present and approaching distresses of many of the inhabitants in the town of Boston, from the scarcity and high prices of provisions, fuel, and the other necessary articles of life, can only be avoided by permitting them to go where they may hope to procure easier subsistence ; inhabitants who wish to leave the town are requested to give their names to the town-major before twelve o’clock on the ninth instant.’ There, what think you of that ? ” demanded Nanny. “ ’Tis plain, is’t not, that Lord Howe does not mean to evacuate the town till forced to do so ? Do you think your honoured father will be one of those to leave ? ”

“ I fear such will be the case,” returned Hannah, sadly. “ My mother, as you know, is in delicate health, and without suitable food or fire-wood we could not, with safety to her, tarry here through the winter. Will your honoured uncle remain ? ”

“ That will he, — though twenty sieges take place ! ” answered Nanny, stoutly. “ He deems it his duty to stay that he may protect his own property and that of his friends. ’Tis said, in-

deed, without scruple, by the British, that those who quit the town forfeit all the effects they leave behind."

"And do you, too, remain?"

"Where else should I be at such a time, but in Boston?" returned Nanny, with dignity. "'Tis true that I have only lived here since I was a child; nevertheless, Boston and no other spot is my home. Was it not my own great-grandfather —"

"Have you heard aught lately of your honoured father?" interrupted her friend, with an interest that, though genuine, was expressed at that moment with particular earnestness. Attached though her friends were to her, and a leader amongst them though she undoubtedly was, it was sometimes hinted by her mates that Nanny Bradstreet displayed an undue tendency to exalt herself because of her ancestor, Simon Bradstreet, truly a man of notable character and deeds, and of his wife, Anne Bradstreet, who was a world-famed poet.

"Naught has been heard of him since the brig *Chuzan*, jointly owned by my father and my uncle, was fitted out as a privateer under the recent orders of his Excellency, General

Washington. My uncle awaits daily news from the *Chusan*, thinking it probable that the brig is hovering off the New England coast in order to intercept any store-ships that may be on their way to the army in Boston. My uncle knows well that Captain Simon Bradstreet is not one to be making a pleasure cruise at such a time!" added the girl, proudly. "'Twas another Simon Bradstreet, my great-grandfather, who helped to settle these shores, when Boston was a wilderness of scrubby trees and huckleberry-bushes, and the wolves howled to the very edge of the peninsula. Another Anne Bradstreet was it, too, who, one hundred and fifty years ago, walked these very streets,—then nothing but cart tracks,—and counted as nothing the loss of her fair English home, that she might aid to plant God's church in the wilderness. She wrote, too, most beautiful poetry, that was admired by the great Master Cotton himself. Whenever I have been frightened by the noise of cannon, or have dreamt of that terrible day last June, after the battle of Bunker Hill, and have, perhaps, longed for my quiet home in the little seaport town, I have said to myself, 'Not



so would the Anne Bradstreet whose name I bear have done,' and I resolved to stay here, come what might, thinking that perhaps if there were something a young girl might do for Boston, I might be the chosen vessel, because of the name I bear!"

Both girls were silent as their thoughts went back over the months since the people of Boston, with set purpose, had claimed for their town its ancient privileges, counting ease and wealth, nay, life itself, nothing, so long as were denied to them the rights enjoyed by their ancestors. The spirit of liberty, that had accompanied Winthrop and Dudley, Bradstreet and Cotton, and had been guarded and fostered by each succeeding generation, still flowed in their veins. "Crush Boston, and you crush the insurrection," said the British wiseacres, and to that end the efforts of the ministry had been chiefly directed. It was not yet a war against the Colonies. It was a war against Boston.

Last year the Boston Port Bill had gone into operation amid the tolling of bells, the exhibition of mourning emblems, and the observance of fasting and prayer. Now a stranger to the

proceedings of the British ministry, landing on Long Wharf, might have fancied himself stranded in that fabled city whose inhabitants lay under the spell of some evil enchantment. Its warehouses deserted, its streets grass-grown, its marts closed, many of its finest houses bearing the marks of pillage, there was little, indeed, in the present aspect of Boston to recall the days when the three-hilled town was the pride of New England and the commercial centre of the Colonies. A hostile fleet surrounded it without, a formidable military force was assembled within. Tents covered its fields, cannon were planted on its eminences, and red-coated troops daily paraded in its streets. Even the privacy of those of the inhabitants who remained was not respected, and British officers were quartered in every available house, leaving only attics and corners to the rightful owners.

Thus far, the measures adopted to crush what was still, in British parlance, the "insurrection" had not met with unalloyed success. The "Boston saints," as they were sneeringly dubbed by the London journals and pamphlets, had shown that they could fight as well as pray; nor had the skirmish at Concord and

Lexington, and the battle of Bunker Hill, altogether borne out the British prediction, "Whenever it comes to blows, he that can run the fastest will think himself best off." The despised Yankees were displaying an obduracy, too, in the face of a general offer of pardon — with two notable exceptions — on the part of his gracious Majesty, to be accounted for only on the theory of the excited pamphleteer, who stated that "the demons of folly, falsehood, madness, and rebellion, along with their chief, the angel of darkness, had entered into them."

The stirring events of the spring and early summer had culminated, last July, in a formal Declaration of Independence, and the subsequent arrival of Mr. George Washington, of Virginia, — the British refused to recognise his military title, — to take command of the Colonial forces assembled at Cambridge.

Dissatisfaction with the course of events manifested itself in the British Cabinet. It was thought that the commander-in-chief, General Gage, owing to family connections, was too lenient to the people of Boston. It was currently said that "Gage's secrets had wings,"

and some even hinted that it was none other than the commander-in-chief's lady who furnished the wings. So Lord Howe was despatched to take the "mild general's" place. A man of sterner mould and of more ability, withal, the most decisive and uncompromising measures might now be looked for. There had been a rumour that, with the change of commanders, Boston would be evacuated for more active operations elsewhere, but the report was plainly contradicted by the present proclamation.

"You and I and Bathsheba Church are the only 'Daughters of Liberty' left in Boston!" resumed Nanny, presently. "There were one hundred and fifty of us in the beginning. Do you remember how we were only a fortnight behind our mothers in entering into an agreement to drink no tea till the obnoxious measures were repealed. 'Twas I, in this very room, who urged our union. Some of our members left Boston at the beginning of the siege, or when their fathers and brothers joined the army. Others found they had been overhasty in vowing allegiance to our cause, and were punished by their parents for their ill-

considered patriotism. Martyrs they might have been," sighed Nanny, "but they turned their backs on the glorious opportunity, to their everlasting loss and Boston's shame! Soon Bathsheba Church and I will be the only Daughters of Liberty remaining in the town!"

"Better say, you alone!" answered Hannah, significantly.

"What mean you — surely Bathsheba is not departing?" queried Nanny, surprised.

"She has departed from the ranks of the Daughters of Liberty," answered Hannah, solemnly. "Like him of whom the Apostle Paul spake, 'Demas hath forsaken me, having loved the present world,' Bathsheba has turned her back upon her vow, and is making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness."

"What has she done?" cried Nanny, in alarm. "How could the daughter of Doctor Church do aught that could bring pain or shame upon such a father?"

"She is going to Lord Percy's ball," responded Hannah.

"Are you sure, Hannah, of such a monstrous thing?" queried Nanny, earnestly. "Bath-

sheba cannot have entered the ranks of the enemy."

"I have but just come from Doctor Church's house," answered her friend. "Bathsheba showed me the dress she is to wear to-morrow night. It is a citron-coloured silk, watered like a tabby; her slippers, of the same stuff, have very sharp toes, and the heels are of wood and fully two inches high. She is quite in the mode."

"My father bade my aunt see that my wardrobe was properly furnished with everything necessary for a young lady when I came to Boston," said Nanny, thoughtfully. "I had twelve silk gowns. Aunt Bradstreet had but lately ordered another from my father's London agent, which I have never worn. It cost an amazing sum of money, — not less, I assure you, than a hundred pounds. It has a yellow coat, a black bib and apron, and is richly adorned with paste and garnet and marquesett pins. I should not cut a sorry figure even before the ladies of the British officers."

"Bathsheba's hair is to be dressed in a lofty roll," Hannah went on. "There is great strife amongst the ladies as to whom shall have the

hairdresser first ; his services, indeed, being so much in demand that Bathsheba was glad to engage him for eight o'clock in the morning."

"Nothing renders a young person more amiable than virtue and modesty, as I have



heard it preached, without the aid of false hair," said Nanny, sternly. "How that roll will make Bathsheba's head ache and itch !"

"She was even so bold as to hint that she might walk a minuet with Lord Percy," added Hannah.

"I can dance as well as Bathsheba, being counted, as you know, one of Mr. Turner's best scholars," returned Nanny. "'Tis said that Lord Percy's manners are most courtly ; he is, sure, a fine, handsome young man, with his blue eyes and lordly bearing. What more heard you of the ball, Hannah? Not that I am concerned in the matter, but 'tis well to know the extent of Bathsheba's fall from grace."

"Bathsheba hath a tongue that runs freely, and though it might be treasonable to listen to her tale of the gay doings to-morrow eve, I could not choose but hear," answered Hannah, apologetically. With a vague feeling of having been summoned before a court martial, she continued, "The ball is to take place in the great hall that Mr. Hancock had recently added to his mansion ; a fine supper will be given, notwithstanding the high price and scarcity of provisions, and the grounds are to be hung with lanterns. The whole town is agog, for the like of the entertainment has never before been seen here. The earl's father, as you know, is esteemed the richest man in England. Being of a disposition that would not show lack of courtesy to a lady, Lord Percy has sent invita-



tions, not only to the wives and daughters of the British officers and of the Tories, but to the patriot families as well. My mother cast ours into the fire."

"So must my aunt have done," observed Nanny, reflectively. "Not that I should have gone, under any circumstances, nor would you, Hannah, I trust."

"No, oh, no," answered her friend, hastily.

"I recall, now, some talk between Captain Price and Captain Robinson, who, as you know, are quartered at our house, concerning to-morrow night; but we have paid little heed to the methods by which the British officers have sought to relieve the tedium of the siege. Hannah," went on Nanny with impressive dignity, "you and I must take immediate action in this matter."

Intense interest in the doings of the Continental Congress had given Nanny some familiarity with parliamentary phrase, if not of actual usage, and confidence in her own powers bestowed glib utterance. "I move that from this moment Bathsheba Church be no longer considered a Daughter of Liberty. Now you must say, 'Second the motion.'"

Her friend obediently repeated the words.

"It is moved and seconded that Bathsheba Church is no longer a Daughter of Liberty. Those who favour the motion? Those opposed? The ayes have it, and the motion is carried. Now I think we'd better say our vow over again, and make it a little different, because," Nanny shook her head gravely, "I feel that soon it may mean much more to us than merely not drinking tea, and if I am to be left all alone in Boston, a great deal may depend upon me."

She placed her hand on the family Bible upon the centre-table, and repeated solemnly, Hannah saying the words after her :

"'We, the daughters of those patriots who have appeared for the public interest, do now engage with pleasure' — that's as far as we can go in what we said before — 'in upholding the liberties of Boston.' Now what did Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams say last Fourth of July? 'For the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.'"

## CHAPTER II.

### ST. BOTOLPH.

SINCE she had been sent to Boston — three years ago — to be “finished,” like many other daughters of the best New England families, Nanny considered that she had put away childish things; nevertheless, certain influences of her life in her quiet home on the coast of Eastern Massachusetts<sup>1</sup> remained with her, and unconsciously influenced her later years.

Captain Bradstreet’s family represented the quality of Kennebunk, in the days when the distinction between the gentry and common people was almost as sharply drawn as in the mother country, and the little girl — his only child — grew up without playmates of her own age or tastes. But little Anne — or Nanny, as she was generally called — was never lonely.

<sup>1</sup> Now Maine.

Her solitary life only stimulated her imagination, and fostered an inner world of imagery, in which she was more at home than amid her visible surroundings. The sea was always a companion, and, looking into the distance, her childish fancy followed her father's vessel to the far-off lands of which he told such wonderful tales, — tales made real by the lustrous silks, curious mattings, and rich foreign sweetmeats that the brig *Chusan* brought home to the mansion at Kennebunk. There was no one in all the world so dear and brave as her father, and the time between his departure and homecoming was counted, day by day, by the mother and child, realised at last by the brief happiness of those days at home, after the *Chusan* had unloaded its rich cargo on Long Wharf, and the warehouses of Bradstreet Brothers were filled to overflowing with the merchandise of the East.

But nothing in all the wide world so stirred Nanny's imagination and appealed to her sensibilities as the thought of Boston. There that other Anne Bradstreet had lived, one hundred and fifty years ago! The little girl's chiefest treasure was a quaint book that bore the in-

scription, "Printed at London for Stephen Bowtell, at the signe of the Bible in Popes Head Alley, 1650." Its title-page gave the rich promise :

"The Tenth Muse Lately sprung up in America, or Several Poems compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of Delight."

Nanny was better supplied with books than many children of her age, her good aunt in Boston having sent to her an excellent collection of "Little Books for the Instruction and Amusement of all good Boys and Girls." But after a brief glance at the titles of these volumes, Nanny laid them all aside, and continued to pore over Anne Bradstreet's poetry. Not that she understood it; much of it, indeed, would have been incomprehensible to an older head; but in the long words and stately measures, she found the delight known only to the fantasies of childhood.

She liked to think of Anne Bradstreet, too, in her fair English home, where the bells of St. Botolph's church were borne to her across the Lincolnshire fens. Surely she, being of such gentle, reverential mould, must have carried in her heart worship of the good Saxon

saint — old Boston's patron saint — to the new Boston that she grew to love for the sake of husband and children, and because that God's voice had called her thither.

Where Cape Porpoise extends its arm into the sea, pointing to the beautiful islands that lie about the entrance of Kennebunk Harbour, there was one island more beautiful than the rest, accessible over the flats at low tide. Nature having made fortification on this spot comparatively easy, it was thither that the Cape Porpoise and Kennebunk people had fled, in the old days of Indian warfare. No one went there now, however, and only a few scattered stones marked the lines of the former fort. It was on the seaward side of this island that Nanny built a little shrine out of pretty shells and bright pebbles, and dedicated it to St. Botolph.

There was another reason that made this worship yet sweeter and stronger to the solitary little girl. Her own birthday was the seventeenth of June, — the very day dedicated to Boston's patron saint. St. Botolph's care was her birthright, as well as hers because she was of Boston blood. So, not only because

her name was one honoured in Boston history, but because of this childish fantasy, she had grown up in the belief that the fate of Boston and her own were in some way mysteriously linked together.

"Hear me! Help me, good St. Botolph!" she sobbed, the day her mother died, and "Go with me, dear St. Botolph!" she whispered when, a few weeks later, she made her last visit to the shrine, before setting out for her new home in distant Boston.

She had pictured to herself with what reverence the memory of the good saint would be cherished in the town of his name. Its most beautiful church, its finest street, would be dedicated to him. In its fairest building would stand his statue, and his name would be breathed in daily, hourly prayer. Surely all Boston was the shrine of good St. Botolph, and on the seventeenth of June, bells were rung and bonfires blazed and verses were written in his honour, just as at home, on that day, she never failed to bring fresh flowers to the shrine, and repeat before it several pages of Anne Bradstreet's poetry.

The disappointment came with the force of

a shock when she found that no spot in all the three-hilled town was sacred to the memory of its patron saint ; his name was never spoken. Nay, once, when she ventured some question concerning St. Botolph, the only answer was a reproof. "Popish practices!" that was what her aunt had termed such worship. So, from that day, with the intense reserve of a sensitive child, Nanny buried the thought of her beloved saint in her deepest heart, and never spoke of him again. As she grew older, the intensity of the fancy faded, to some extent, till there were times when she even smiled to herself at the recollection. Nevertheless, in any time of special stress the fancy returned in all its old-time strength, and the involuntary cry from her inmost heart was always, "Hear me, help me, good St. Botolph!"

His name had been in her prayers throughout the long hours of that never-to-be-forgotten day last summer, when the cannon were thundering across the river, and from housetops and the summits of the three hills people watched the combat in Charlestown. Surely on this day of all others — his own day, the seventeenth of June — St. Botolph would aid his people, fight-



ing in the cause of righteousness ; and never had Nanny's faith received so terrible a shock as when it was known throughout Boston that the battle of Bunker Hill was lost !

That night, the girl beheld with her own eyes something of the horrors of war. The streets of Boston were red with blood. Till dawn the groans of the wounded sounded from the jolting carts in which they were borne to the hospitals, and suffering men lay in the streets without protection from the chill dews, or the water for which they implored so piteously.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE LIBERTY TREE.

As Nanny left her friend's house, the crowd had perceptibly increased, but it was not till she turned from Sudbury Street into Hanover Street and drew near the house of Doctor Warren,—whose death at Bunker Hill all Boston lamented,—that she viewed the increasing multitude with some consternation, and for a moment paused, hesitating whether to advance or retreat. The light of the short October day was waning. The tide of people, that earlier in the afternoon had been in the direction of North Square, for some reason had turned, and she would now have to make her way against the current. Almost before she was aware she was caught up by the body of the crowd, and borne, irresistibly, in the opposite direction from her home. For a few min-

utes, frightened and bewildered, she struggled to escape, but the pressure on all sides was too great to resist. Perceiving, presently, however, that the crowd was of a respectable, orderly character, apparently composed, for the most part, of mechanics and apprentices, she recovered, to some extent, from her fright, and endeavoured to ascertain the cause of the suppressed excitement with which the air was filled, and the objective point of the throng, — for that it had in view some definite object was evident from the air of quiet determination evinced in the bearing of these sturdy artisans. In suppressed undertones, with side-glances toward the middle of the street, where the gleam of red coats was visible, question and answer, exclamation and execration, passed from one to another.

“ They have been tearing down some houses at the north part of the town for fire-wood,” said one.

“ Our old Louisburg soldiers laugh at the newly erected fortifications on the Neck,” observed another, “ and say they are no more to be regarded than a beaver dam ! ”

It was a rough-looking man immediately in

front of Nanny who spoke the last words; tiny spirals of wood, clinging to his coat and breeches, gave evidence of his occupation.

"You were one of those who helped the British build their barracks!" observed his neighbour, whose leather apron and besmudged hands spoke of the forge.

"Let be your jibes, Nailor Tom," retorted the carpenter, good-naturedly. "As soon as we found the way matters were going, we left off working for their accommodation. British gold cannot buy Boston labour!"

"Take heed!" remarked the blacksmith, in a lowered tone. "'Tis no knowing, in these days, what careless word may write one's name in the black list!"

"Oh, ay!" growled his more impetuous comrade. "'Tis but, 'You are the general's prisoner!' and whip! away to the man-of-war. As well might one live in the days of witchcraft."

"'Tis said that the treatment of our men who have been made prisoners has called forth remonstrance and threats of reprisal from General Washington, but without avail," went on Nailor Tom. "John Ruck has been carried off

and put on board ship. I took him breakfast this morning. The poor fellows have nothing to lie down on but cables, stowed under two decks. The cook's galley, into which I peeped, was the kitchen of the infernal regions. The prisoners are given nothing to eat but worm-eaten bread and salt beef — a cup of water to three days' allowance of bread! The beef was put into a great copper kettle. The fuel was green chestnut — impossible to make burn; so that, maddened with hunger, each mess seized its meat and devoured it as it was."

The crowd had reached the Common by this time, when there was suddenly struck up the strains of a lively air that had grown familiar to Boston folk, within the past few months.

"They've fitted new words to the old tune," remarked the man addressed as Nailer Tom.  
"They go something like this :

" ' Father 'n' I went down to camp,  
    Along o' Cap'n Goodin',  
And there we saw the men and boys  
    As thick as hasty puddin' ! ' "

"Maybe they'll hear enough of Yankee Doodle before they've quit singing it," returned

the carpenter. "'Tis a merry air, and as fit to use by one side as t'other. Methinks the Britishers might have had their fill of it the day of Lexington fight ; 'twas the tune to which Lord Percy marched his troops out of Boston, and 'tis said he turned pale when he heard it, and was in ill humour all day, because of it. Truly, 'twas never a lucky tune for the Percys of Northumberland. In the old days of the Border Wars, an ancestor of this same young sprig of the English nobility marched a quickstep to that same tune, — Chevy Chase, they called it then, if my memory misleads me not. What now !"

There had been a pause in the slow advance of the crowd, and then a sudden surge forward. As though in answer to the carpenter's exclamation, a murmur, that had its apparent rise on the edge of the throng nearest the military, resolved into words.

"To the Liberty Tree — To the Liberty Tree !"

For a few moments it looked as though the massacre of the fifth of March might be repeated. The soldiers stood with fixed bayonets. Their officers, with drawn swords, warned

back the crowd that was pressing from every side upon the redcoats. Not a word was spoken, but the silence was far more ominous than open demonstration. But the riotous element was either lacking or held in check by older and graver natures, for the crowd presently fell back, and the march was resumed. A change had come over the humour of the people, and, instead of the interchange of comment and surmise and rough jest, was a sullen silence, while each pressed nearer his neighbour, as though feeling, instinctively, that the hour had struck when the men of Boston must stand shoulder to shoulder. No mere proclamation, indeed, could have voiced the uncompromising measures to be expected from the new commander-in-chief as did the present movement.

The Liberty Tree was a fine old elm, not far from the Common, on the road to the Neck. It was under the special and visible charge of the Sons of Liberty, and was revered by the people as the emblem of the popular cause — and no less execrated by the royal governors. When a patriotic agreement was to be entered into, or an obnoxious office resigned, and Fan-

ueil Hall would not contain the multitude, it was here that the people flocked. Beneath the Liberty Tree had been passed the resolutions not to permit the landing of the tea, and here it was that the royal governor, Andros, was impugned.

It was Simon Bradstreet, the last governor under the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, who, at the age of four-score years and ten, led the insurrection as a duty to God and country. When he appeared at the Liberty Tree, a great shout arose from the free men there assembled. Under the leadership of the magnificent old man, the whole town arose in arms, with the most unanimous resolve that ever inspired a people. Andros was arrested, the Castle was taken, the frigate mastered, and the fortifications occupied. Once more Massachusetts assembled in General Court, and Simon Bradstreet was called again to the chair of state, filling it till his death.

That story was to Nanny Bradstreet family tradition, as well as a striking page of Boston's history. She might well feel that she had a personal interest in the Liberty Tree. There was no thought, now, of turning back, even if she



could have done so. The troops wheeled into Frog Lane, in the direction of Auchmutty Street.

It was not many years ago that belief in witchcraft was current in Boston; more than one old woman, cried out upon for malign practices, had been hanged upon the Common. Something of old-time superstition may have lingered in the minds of Boston boys and girls, for there was a current belief amongst them that the genius of the Liberty Tree had the elm under his special protection.

The first blow of the axe rang through the silence. Still Nanny waited, vaguely expectant, childish faith in the impossibility of the dreadful mingling with conviction that the genius of the tree would protect his abode. The quick successive blows of the axe mingled with the voices of the soldiers and Tories in ribald song:

“As for their King, John Hancock,  
And Adams, if they're taken,  
Their heads for signs shall hang up high,  
Upon the hill called Beacon!”

Something had happened! There was a sudden backward movement of the crowd, a heavy weight trod on Nanny's foot, that, crushed

against a stone, slipped, twisting her ankle. Sick and weak with pain, the girl was jostled unresistingly from side to side, till all at once she found herself, like a bit of jetsam thrown up by the sea, tossed out of the surging throng. She tottered, and would have fallen headlong, but some one caught her by the arm.

"What happened?" she asked, faintly.

"A soldier fell from the tree and was killed," was the answer, out of the darkness.

Fright at this dreadful realisation of her vague anticipations, and the sudden thought of her position, alone at that hour, and at such a distance from home, resulted in the cry:

"Oh, take me home!"

"With pleasure, madam," responded the boyish voice by her side.

"I—I crave your pardon," said Nanny, faintly, dismay at her own boldness following swift upon her words. "I was caught up by the crowd and carried thither, despite myself," she added, more collectedly. "I think, however, I need not ask your escort."

"Will you not permit me to accompany you, madam?" urged her companion, and something in the tones of his voice gave confidence.

"I live on Garden Court Street," she answered, doubtfully.

"My own road lies in the same direction, in North Square," was the rejoinder, and, without more ado, Nanny signified her acceptance of the stranger's proffer. "If you will take my hand, we could run through Newbury Street, and so, I think, out-distance the crowd — it has begun to disperse," suggested her companion.

But Nanny's ankle pained her, and, despite her utmost endeavours and her escort's aid, it was impossible to make rapid progress. Newbury Street, too, was in darkness, for though Boston had been provided with street-lamps only the year before, most of them had been destroyed during the siege.

Meantime, the girl's thoughts were busy concerning the identity of her companion. His language and manners were unquestionably those of a gentleman. He was not a British officer, — even in the faint light his scarlet uniform would have been visible, — yet she could recall no one in North Square, all of whose residents were well known to her, to whose name he might answer.

In fact, to the best of her recollection, the only person of quality now remaining in that part of the city was General Timothy Ruggles, a man of middle age and violent temper. He had an ill reputation amongst the patriots as a virulent Tory, having, indeed, been placed in command of the three companies of "Loyal American Associators," — as they chose to call themselves, — into which the people of Boston of Tory sympathies had recently been banded, whose object was to assist the British, if necessary, "in the defence of the place."

"They are catching up with us," said the voice by her side. "Come through West Street to the Common."

They regained the more travelled thoroughfare.

In the fierce wind that was tearing, as usual, over the Common and the Charles River marshes beyond, the light on the corner, that had escaped the demolition of the soldiery, flickered and nearly went out. As it flared up again, for the first time Nanny saw plainly the face and figure of her companion. He was dressed in a bluish silk camblet jacket, a fine white ruffled shirt, cloth breeches, and worsted

stockings ; heavy shoes, with metal buckles, and a round white linen cap completed his costume. The girl gave a little involuntary cry of surprise, for the dress was that worn by the indentured servants in Boston families of quality, — a position scarcely superior to that of slave. The next instant, she saw about his left arm the white silk sash that was the badge of the “Associators.” She snatched her hand from his.

“I want not the aid of the enemy of his country!” she cried, passionately. “Know you what General Washington has termed those men who are false to all the traditions of their birthplace, who would raise their hand against their brother, who would help their common enemy destroy Boston? ‘Execrable paricides!’”

As she turned to hasten from the spot, momentarily forgetful of pain in a flood of indignation, two men approached, whom she recognised as her neighbours of the previous hour. In the uncertain light, she could not be sure of the quick look of intelligence that, for a moment, she fancied passed between the man addressed as Nailer Tom and her late companion.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE INCORRUPTIBLE THIRTY.

As Nanny entered the house, breathless with haste, Mrs. Bradstreet came swiftly forward. The explanation of her prolonged absence died away on the girl's lips as she noted her aunt's pallor and the evident concern of her manner.

"Your uncle has been arrested," she said, quietly.

"Arrested! Oh, aunt, will they — will they —"

The dreadful pictures that the word conjured up, held her further utterance. Since the gates of Boston were closed last June, and military rule replaced civil government, arrests and floggings and summary executions had become unhappily familiar to the inhabitants. With the arrival of General Howe, there were indications of a veritable Reign of Terror, when suspicion

did not await confirmation, and accusation and arrest were one, followed by trial and summary sentence, before a military tribunal.

After her first involuntary exclamation of surprise and fright, Nanny was able to listen calmly to her aunt's account of the afternoon's occurrence. A squad of redcoats had appeared, at dusk, before the house. Entering without ceremony, the officer in command, demanding the master of the house, spoke the dreaded words :

“ You are the general's prisoner ! ”

Leaving Mr. Bradstreet under guard in the dining-room, the captain addressed the mistress of the mansion.

“ Information has been lodged at headquarters concerning a certain treasonable document known to be received by you,” he said. “ Produce it, and his lordship will endeavour to show as much leniency as the circumstances of the case will permit. Refuse, and the prisoner will be instantly committed to the man-of-war under the usual regulations.”

“ I give you my word, gentlemen, there is no treasonable document concealed in this house,” answered Mrs. Bradstreet, firmly.

"Reflect, madam," repeated the officer, sternly.

"My orders were positive. His lordship believes that there has been a deal of negligence in such matters of late and may deem a summary example necessary. I regret to inform you that, in case of your refusal to produce the required papers, I was ordered to institute a search over the house," he added, as Mrs. Bradstreet's silence remained unbroken.

Devastation followed the execution of the threat. In the drawing-room, the fine red damask furniture was cut and slashed by the bayonets of the soldiers; fine family portraits were wrenched from their frames, the beautiful carved wainscoting was stripped from the walls and the chimneypieces ruthlessly torn away. Above, feather beds had been cut open and emptied; in some rooms, even the flooring was ripped up. Nothing, however, of a treasonable nature was discovered. Then, after a hasty farewell to her husband, spoken in the presence of the officer, Mrs. Bradstreet was left alone amid the ruins of her once beautiful home. Alarm at Nanny's prolonged absence was soon added to concern for her husband's safety, but



with the girl's return she began calmly to review the situation.

"His meals must be sent to him regularly, and such provision made for his comfort as the



regulations permit. 'Tis said that the clothing of the prisoners is stolen from them by their jailers." Then Mrs. Bradstreet drew Nanny into the small apartment back of the dining-room, that had been, formerly, the master's

study, or business office, but which, since the British officers had been quartered in the house, had been allowed by them to be retained by Mrs. Bradstreet as her sitting-room.

"Was there a letter?" queried Nanny, eagerly, girlish curiosity overcoming for the moment her deeper feelings.

Mrs. Bradstreet held up a warning finger. She looked carefully about the hall before she closed the door, and answered, in a hushed tone :

"Yes, instantly destroyed, thank God ! Child, can I trust you?" she added, after a few moments of deep thought.

Nanny had matured rapidly within the past few months. The stirring events of the times, the fact that she lived beneath the roof of one of the leading men of the day, had added to a naturally fine intelligence and quick discernment a judgment and self-control that were beyond her years. So, to this first real demand upon her strength, she could make answer with an earnestness that bore witness to its truth.

"Yes !"

"The weakness of our army at Cambridge is scarcely known beyond headquarters and by a

few trusty friends," began Mrs. Bradstreet. "There is some dissatisfaction amongst those who do not know the real condition of affairs, because of what they term General Washington's dilatoriness. Lack of powder is not the only reason of deferred hostilities. A disease has recently broken out in the provincial camp, caused, it is said, by the incessant work in the trenches, combined with the mild weather. There is but one remedy for the terrible shaking fever,<sup>1</sup> the bark of a certain tree that grows in South America. The knowledge of this medicament was imparted by their converts to the priests of the early missions and is from them generally known as Jesuits' bark.

"The letter was in cipher and from your father," went on Mrs. Bradstreet. "The brig *Chuzan* has captured a British trading-vessel from Brazil, laden with sugar and molasses and twenty barrels of Jesuits' bark. In the encounter your father was wounded in the leg and is now at his home in Kennebunk, while the *Chuzan*, under command of the lieutenant, is on another cruise. The Jesuits' bark is concealed

<sup>1</sup> Now generally known as malaria.

under the pulpit of the meeting-house in the port. He desired to acquaint your uncle with his condition, and regrets that his prize was not the hoped-for military stores, unknowing that at this juncture the medicament is of infinitely more value than guns or ammunition.

"Your uncle has long known that he was under suspicion, and gave me implicit directions, in case of his arrest, to communicate with Doctor Church, and to be, in all cases, guided by him. He, at least, notwithstanding his open connection with the patriot party, will remain unmolested. I must take him these tidings without delay."

"Let me go," begged Nanny. "Your absence might be noticed by the officers."

Mrs. Bradstreet paused, and sighed.

"I must care for myself, for my husband's sake, and because I may yet be able to render some service to our cause," she acquiesced. "You do not fear to go alone?"

Nanny, who had already drawn on her cape and hood, gave assurance to the contrary. She was soon at Doctor Church's door, and, on making known her name to the sentry, was promptly ushered into the physician's study.

Doctor Benjamin Church was a fine-looking man, in the prime of life. Bred a physician, he had also achieved an enviable reputation as a poet and a polished speaker. As a leader of the provincial cause in Boston, he ranked with Mr. Hancock and Mr. Adams. On his return to the town, after the battle of Lexington, he was promptly arrested ; but his reputation as surgeon and physician was so high, and there was such need of skilled service, that he was shortly after released on parole. Since then, though under strict military surveillance, he had rendered his services alike to British, Tory, and patriot, and was held in equal regard by all.

Nanny's story was soon told.

"You bring news of rare moment, my child," said the doctor, after a few minutes' reflection. "These tidings must be kept from every person on earth," he added, earnestly. "Chance and the exigencies of the times have put you into the possession of a secret upon which the fate of the provincial cause may depend. Can we rely on your discretion?"

Proud of being in the confidence of her elders, of being addressed almost as an equal

by the revered Doctor Church, Nanny gave the required assurance.

"You have done your part, and may leave the rest in safe hands. Convey my profound respects to Mrs. Bradstreet, and my deepest



sympathy under her affliction," went on the grave, silvery tones that never failed to inspire confidence. "I regret that I may not offer you an escort. My servant has left me, and I have an urgent call elsewhere — You are hurt, my child?" he asked, sympathetically, as Nanny limped toward the door,

The girl explained her mishap.

"Let me see." The firm, gentle fingers pressed the injured ankle. "Does it hurt — here — is this the place? I think it is not a sprain, but you have probably wrenched a muscle, and would best remain on your couch for a few days," pronounced the doctor, kindly.

As Nanny reached her own door, there passed her the two men she had observed in the crowd that afternoon.

At no great distance from Garden Court Street stood a two-story brick building with a pitched roof, the greater elevation being in the rear. Over the entrance projected an iron rod, upon which crouched the copper dragon which was the tavern's sign. In an upper room of this building were assembled some score of men, whose spare faces and close-lipped mouths were of the type of the New England mechanic. The furniture of the apartment consisted merely of a table, upon which lay a Bible, and a couple of rude benches. An occasional knock at the door was challenged by a sentinel, and the required countersign being given, the newcomer was admitted; advancing to the table he

placed a hand upon the Holy Book, and took a solemn oath of secrecy. After this brief ceremony, the low-voiced talk amongst the various groups ceased, and a few questions were addressed the arrival.

"What news of Paul Revere?" was asked one of these later comers, a brass-founder by trade.

"None, since he bore Mr. Hancock's message from Philadelphia to Cambridge, — 'Burn Boston if need be, and leave John Hancock a beggar!'" was the answer.

"Truly, the patriot cause would lose its most trustworthy courier, should Paul Revere be the target of a British bullet," added the first speaker.

"The state of affairs in the provincial camp is said to be terribly alarming," went on the brass-founder. "The supply of powder is still short, and the New Hampshire regiments, whose term of enlistment has expired, are breaking camp and making for home in a body, taking their muskets with them."

"Is their patriotism so soon cooled? Was the bloodshed at Lexington and Bunker Hill in vain?" said his friend, sadly.



"'Tis even hinted that there is some disaffection amongst our men toward General Washington," resumed the other. "His Excellency, being a Virginian and an aristocrat by birth, is thought by some to be of haughty, overbearing ways, treating the free men of New England as though they were the slaves upon his princely plantation on the Potomac. Be that as it may, it remains a mystery why he should delay an attack on Boston till the British render their fortifications impregnable."

"'Tis like the Kilkenny cats," suggested the older man, a cooper by trade. "Either grimal-kin watches the other with round eyes and sharpened claws, but is afeared to stir lest the other jump upon him. Methinks the one that makes the first jump stands the better chance of scratching the other's eyes out. Here comes Nailer Tom. Perchance he brings news!"

The two men — the blacksmith and the carpenter — who had just entered, had served on the first watch, it being one of the duties of this little band of patriotic men — who called themselves "The Incorruptible Thirty" — to patrol the streets, two by two, at night, that no movement of the British might be lost. The

return of the first watch, at midnight, was generally the signal for the breaking up of the meeting, but on the present occasion, though the men reported that nothing was stirring, and the lights in the Province House were out, their arrival but served as a fillip to further discussion of the events of the afternoon and of the inevitable suffering that would accompany the prolonged siege.

"Matters were like to have gone hard with my missus a month ago, for the want of good, nourishing food," said the blacksmith. "Horse flesh she never could stomach, and with fresh meat at fifteen pence a pound, and scarce to be had at that, who should appear but Doctor Church — God bless him! — with a prime leg of mutton!"

"Not a penny would he take for attending my girl Phœbe when she was sick with the pox," added the brass-founder. "'If we get out of this trouble with our necks,' said he, 'we'll talk of that; but I make no charges while the British flag flies over the Province House!'"

"'Tis said that Doctor Warren had no great love for him," suggested the shipwright.

“Tut, tut, man, meddle not with the affairs of your betters!” returned Nailer Tom. “What cause they may have had for their mutual misliking, I know not; but it’s scarce the first time that doctors have disagreed — ay, and called each other hard names — and neither been the worse man for it! The day after the battle of Lexington,” continued the blacksmith, “Paul Revere met Doctor Church in Cambridge, — this I had from Revere’s own lips, — when the doctor showed him some blood on his stockings, which he said spurted on him from a man who was killed near him, as he was urging the militia on. If a man will risk his life in a cause, he must be a friend to that cause,” concluded Nailer Tom, with the manner of one who clinches an argument. “It is close on two of the clock; we were best departing. There will be no further news to-night.”

As though in contradiction of his last words, the signal sounded again. Question and countersign were exchanged, and the door was opened to admit a boy of some sixteen or seventeen years; a light silk jacket was his only protection from the keen night wind, and his stockings were cut and blood-stained. There

was a general exclamation of surprise and dismay, and each man started forward with a threatening face.

“What’s this — who’s given him the counter-sign? There’s a traitor amongst us!”

“Nay, nay, have a care! Let go the boy. He is all right,” said the blacksmith. “He was well known to Doctor Warren and Paul Revere. What brings you here, lad, at this hour?” he queried, as the boy, who had been struggling lustily against his assailants, leaned, panting, against the door.

“The oath, the oath!” was the cry. Nailor Tom and the newcomer stood face to face, the others closed in a ring about them, with each man’s hands upon his neighbour’s shoulder.

“You’ll not believe what I’ve come to tell you,” said the boy; “but as sure as I stand here with my hand on the Book, it is the truth!”

“Go ahead, lad, we’re all friends here,” said the blacksmith, as the newcomer looked from one to another of the circle of faces, as though seeking one to which he might particularly address himself.

He began slowly with the evident desire to

make his tale so circumspect as to force conviction, yet was hurried on, the while, in spite of himself, out of intense excitement.

“I brought my master his glass of flip at ten o'clock, as usual, and went to my room. It is in the gable end of the house, commanding a view of the study window. I sat at my window, waiting till the light below should have gone out, — for my master, General Ruggles, not infrequently has late visitors. It was toward midnight when I saw a figure approaching the house, wrapped in a military cloak that was drawn up over his face, and with his hat pulled over his eyes. He was at once admitted. I raised my window, dropped to the ground, and crept around to the study. The curtain hung a little awry, so that I could see into the room quite distinctly, though I could hear nothing. Whatever tidings the visitor brought, they were evidently of consequence, for General Ruggles's face lit up with unmistakable triumph. Presently he went to his secretary, and from a secret drawer took out a canvas bag and handed it to his visitor. The latter untied it, and poured out some of the contents; they were new British guineas. As he did so, his

cloak fell back and I saw his face as plainly as I see any of yours this moment !”

“Who was it ?” came in a chorus from about the table.

“I — oh, I cannot tell you who it was I saw take British gold, at midnight, from the man who hates Boston !”

“Out with it, lad !” and the blacksmith laid a heavy hand on the boy’s shoulder.

“It was Doctor Church !”

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BOUND BOY.

"No, no, lad, that couldn't have been. I've oft enough had the nightmare so real that, though my eyes were wide open and staring, my missus couldn't make me believe, for a good spell, that there wasn't a redcoat in the room. Doctor Church turn traitor!" laughed the blacksmith. "To-morrow we shall hear that John Hancock and old Sam Adams are turncoats."

"I was not dreaming," cried the lad, earnestly. "'Twas but for a second that I looked on his face, but I saw it as plainly as I see yours."

"Have a care, lad!" The heavy hand on the boy's shoulder increased its pressure till it held him as in a vise. "You are a stranger in our town, or you would know better than to cast so foul a slander on a good man and true."

"I'll hear naught against the man who saved my Phœbe's life," said the brass-founder, and a

general murmur of approval followed the words.

"But the hour — the evident secrecy," cried the boy, vehemently, as he saw that incredulity was becoming mixed with resentment on the hard, shrewd faces about him. "'Tis true that I am a stranger amongst you, but do not let that circumstance, at such a moment, tell against me. Let the facts speak for themselves. There is mischief afoot! This is not the first time, as Nailer Tom is aware, that I have given you timely warning! Tell them who I am, and what you know of me," added the boy, turning to the blacksmith. His tone was less of entreaty than of command.

"Revere bade me keep his connection with our cause a profound secret, even from Doctor Church," hesitated Nailer Tom. "He added that such had been his own instructions from Doctor Warren, to whom the lad had confided. I have obeyed Revere to the letter, but now, when you are witnesses of the boy's knowledge of our affairs, and he himself bids me speak, sure there can be no harm in telling what I know of him before you all.

"He is called Anthony Severn, and is bound



boy to General Ruggles. 'Twas on the eve of April nineteenth last that I first saw him, when he helped me row Revere across to the Charlestown shore. 'Twas he who had brought to Doctor Warren the information of the intended British excursion on the morrow. They did General Gage's lady injustice who said 'twas she furnished the wings which the late commander-in-chief's secrets seemed to have. General Ruggles is in the councils of the Province House, and his trusted servant knows well how to use his eyes and ears.

"Revere further told me that Anthony had our password and would communicate with us in case of need. Since then, though I have sometimes seen the lad about the town, I have exchanged no word with him until this hour."

"He is playing a dangerous part," commented the carpenter, gravely. "General Ruggles's temper is none of the best, and should he but suspect his serving-boy of being a spy, a rope and the nearest lamp-post would be his end."

"From having been so short a time in the town — less than a twelvemonth, is't not, Anthony? — he is not suspected of being inoculated with the pestilential doctrines that are

thought to rage, by nature, in Boston blood. We doubt not your good faith," went on the blacksmith, turning to the boy, "but 'tis easy for young eyes to make a mountain out of a mole-hill. A single peep at a man whose face, by your own showing, was half covered, is scarce enough to prove his identity."

"I saw his hand, too. Who could mistake a doctor's hand?" urged the boy.

"One gentleman's hand does not differ greatly from another's," asserted the blacksmith, dogmatically. "Should a dozen gentlemen stick their soft white paws through yon door, think you that you could pick out the fingers and thumb that belong to a doctor?" The others joined in the contemptuous laugh with which Nailer Tom answered his own query.

"But the gold — there was no less than three hundred guineas in that bag! What could the payment of such a sum mean if not the reward of some weighty service?" returned the boy, evidently struggling to keep patience with his obstinate listeners.

"Tut, tut, you didn't count it, did you?" said the blacksmith, as though chiding a froward child.

"How could I count it?" answered the boy, impatiently. "'Twas not difficult to guess at the amount, from the size of the bag."

"Wait a bit! 'Guess' is not a word that hangs a man, in these parts," observed the blacksmith. "Supposing, at a pinch, it was the doctor, what then?" he went on, judicially. "Doctor Church and General Ruggles, though now standing, one and t'other, for the leader of the patriots and of the Tories, have preserved their friendship unbroken. To a doctor, midnight is much the same as noon, and returning from an evening call, what more natural, seeing the light in the study window, than that Doctor Church should have dropped in for a glass of your good flip and a friendly chat?"

It was one pitted against many, a boy endeavouring to hold his ground against grown men. Looking from one immobile face to another, General Ruggles's bound boy realised his inability to carry conviction to these simple-minded men. Their loyalty unto death might be relied upon, but when they found themselves face to face with a situation for which experience furnished no precedent, their brains were incapable of receiving a fresh impression.

Then it was that these honest craftsmen needed the keen vision, the quick, adaptive mind of their absent leader, Paul Revere.

"There was blood on his stocking after the battle of Lexington. If a man will risk his life for a cause, he must be a friend to that cause," repeated the blacksmith, decisively.

"It's a cock-and-bull story, lad. Let's hear no more of it!" added the brass-founder, sternly, and the words evidently voiced the opinion of all.

Heretofore the boy had measured his words, had sought to hold in check his impatience. But now, when he was disbelieved, scoffed at, chidden for overimpetuosity and even reckless slander, there blazed forth the resentment of an imperious nature at finding its yea or nay disputed.

"If you don't believe me," he cried, "so much the worse for you! I say Doctor Benjamin Church is a traitor, and I'll prove it!"

"Ay, do. Ask General Ruggles for his visitor's name and business," responded the blacksmith, with clumsy irony. "Going?"

"I must be back before I'm missed. My master will rise betimes this morning, for I

lose my guess if he do not pay his early respects at the Province House," added the boy, significantly.

After his departure, disapproving comment was unrestrained.

"Well, well, a young cockerel crows loud, and perhaps, from being trusted by his betters, the boy has come to think himself lord of the barn-yard," said Nailer Tom, good-naturedly.

"A lad of parts he may be, but a modest air would better become his humble station," growled the brass-founder. "He could scarce demean himself with more high and mighty airs if, instead of a bound boy, the blood of all the Percys swelled in his veins."

"He bears a most noteworthy resemblance, both in form and feature, to Lord Percy — didst notice?" remarked the shipwright. "His lordship may be a dozen years or so the boy's elder; nevertheless, put on this young Anthony a fine Ramillies wig and cocked hat, give him my lord's scarlet and gold uniform and jewelled sword, and I warrant me the bound boy could march through the town at the head of his splendid 'Shiners,' with the eyes of all the maids and matrons in Boston following him,

and none guess that he were not the son and heir of the great Duke of Northumberland!"

"That may well be," said the blacksmith, significantly. "If what Revere was told be true, the boy has some right to demean himself as the equal of the duke's son. He was brought up, so ran the tale, upon the estate of a certain nobleman, in his time one of the gayest young macaronis in London. Afterward the boy was placed at Christ Hospital, and when, later, General Ruggles sent through his London agents for a youth to be indentured to him for the term of seven years, his Grace took heed that due inquiries should be made concerning the general's worth and substance, and would have it in the agreement that, should the boy behave well, his master would advance him in the world, for which understanding a handsome sum was paid. 'Tis the lad's interest to stand well with General Ruggles, and this, no doubt, makes his master the more certain of his faithfulness. Yet it can scarce be a pleasant sight for the nameless bound boy to see Earl Percy the idol of the town, and he be deemed fit for nothing better than to hold a

torch outside his lordship's door, when he knows full well that, had he his rights, he could call not only my Lord Percy of Northumberland, but his Majesty, King George the Third, cousin !”

The early light was gilding the vane of the golden Indian on the Province House when the second patrol was admitted to the upper room of the *Green Dragon*. The two men were in a state of evident excitement.

“There has been the most scandalous, dishonourable, shilly-shally conduct that can be conceived of !” cried one. “The proclamation of yesterday has been recalled and no one is to be allowed to leave the town. The lines on the Neck have been doubled and the ferry-boat is drawn up alongside the man-of-war. The interdict particularly forbids the departure of women and children.”

Tears of baffled purpose, and yet more, of anger, were in the eyes of General Ruggles's bound boy as, unheeding the pain from his bruised and cut feet, he hurried through Green Dragon Lane and darted along the various “short cuts” for which Boston was notable. The conviction of some awful impending danger, the nature of which he could not even con-

jecture, goaded him nearly to madness with an impotent sense of responsibility. At any rate, he would seek no counsel nor aid again from those dolts of workingmen. But as he ran along, his hot-headed anger began to cool, and natural good sense suggested that perhaps, after all, it was scarcely to be expected that his unsupported statement, his a nameless nobody's, — involuntarily his handsome head was thrown back, his hand clenched itself at the thought, — should be believed in a monstrous accusation against Doctor Church, a man endeared to these people by a long record of oft unrequited kindness.

Who, in all Boston, was there for him to consult? True, he might make his way to General Washington and tell his tale. But had he anything of real substance to communicate? He recognised the weakness of his position more clearly now, since he had failed to convince the "Incorruptible Thirty" that his story was anything more than a dream. Stay! there was one man in Boston to whom he might appeal, one whose mere name was a sufficient guarantee of his loyalty. At whatever peril to himself, this very night he would seek Mr. Bradstreet.



As he had surmised, General Ruggles repaired at an early hour, that morning, to the Province House, but of the nature of the ensuing interview with Lord Howe, Anthony could gather no hint. It may have been the result of an excited imagination that, throughout the day, his master seemed unusually irascible, while at times he appeared deeply buried in thought.

That night he brushed the Tory general's best uniform, and burnished his sword in readiness for Lord Percy's ball. The festivity began at an early hour, but cards and drinking would undoubtedly keep the gentlemen at the Hancock House till long after midnight. So, after receiving instructions to present himself, in due season, to attend his master home, Anthony's time was his own for some hours to come. He was reasonably sure that the officers quartered at Mr. Bradstreet's would be at the ball, and that the soldiers detailed as their servants would have been given their liberty. Deeming it wiser, also, to avoid the appearance of stealth, he went boldly to the front entrance of the mansion on Garden Court Street. The door was opened by Mrs. Bradstreet herself, for servants were difficult to obtain in these troubled times.

"Let me in, quick!" whispered the boy. "Here I may be seen and I have news of importance to communicate."

Instantly Mrs. Bradstreet blew out the candle she carried and, motioning the visitor inside the house, closed and bolted the door. Taking him by the hand, she led the way to a small room in the rear of the house. Then she relit the candle and, holding it high above her head, scrutinised her visitor sharply.

"Who are you, and what is your errand?" she demanded.

"What I have to say deeply concerns Mr. Bradstreet," answered the boy, earnestly. "Say to him, I entreat you, that one whom Doctor Warren honoured with his trust would speak to him."

"Mr. Bradstreet was arrested yesterday afternoon," returned the mistress of the house.

"Mr. Bradstreet arrested!" exclaimed the boy, in dismay. "It is all of a piece, some plot is surely hatching!"

"What you would have said to Mr. Bradstreet, you may safely say to me," said the patriot's wife.

The heavy sorrow that had befallen her, yes-

terday, must be set aside. To-morrow she might have to mourn her husband's departure for Halifax, perchance for England, with scant hope of ever seeing him again. To-day she must stand in his place, and the call found her instant to respond.

There was no mistaking the look and tone, and without hesitation or reserve the boy responded. This time his listener was a woman, with wits sharpened to almost preternatural keenness by personal wrongs. By the look that flashed upon her face at the first mention of Doctor Church's name, the boy felt, with a throb of relief and triumph, that his story had carried conviction.

"It was Doctor Church who caused my husband's arrest!" she said, calmly. "I see it all now. He has long been on friendly terms with the officers quartered here, and when Mr. Bradstreet remonstrated with him on this intimacy, replied that he encouraged the friendship because he could thus keep informed of the enemy's plans. Perhaps by putting our stories together, we may find that the halves fit to a nicety," she added, with the smile seen on a woman's face when intensity of feeling and

purpose has, for the time, shut out everything but the task before her. "Yesterday afternoon," she went on, "a letter was brought to us from my husband's brother, Captain Simon Bradstreet, of Kennebunk. His messenger was a trusty neighbour belonging to one of the new regiments now being mustered in. It would have been well-nigh impossible for the man to gain entrance into the town, so he gave the letter to a kinsman, living in the adjacent country, who was about to set out for Boston with a load of wood. The need of fire-wood is so great that, after rigorous search by the guards on the Neck, the countryman was permitted to pass. He delivered the letter, which had been concealed between the soles of his boot."

Briefly, Mrs. Bradstreet told the contents of the missive, and the terrible new need of the army.

"What followed," she continued, "I can only conjecture. Doctor Church, learning from Captain Price or his brother officer of the man's visit here, probably sought him out, and drew from him without difficulty the fact of the letter. Of its contents the messenger was ignorant. How smoothly he has covered his villainy! Only to-day he called to express his

sympathy at my husband's arrest, and, when I asked the meaning of this last proclamation of Lord Howe's, had his answer ready to the effect that women and children were to be kept in Boston as a measure of safety, it being feared that, with their removal, General Washington would no longer hesitate to bombard the town. Fool that I was to acquaint him with the contents of the letter! Yet it may not be too late! So, it is to be a war against women and children? Well, Doctor Church, since we are to be treated as combatants, perchance we shall be found worthy of recognition!"

There was a look in Mrs. Bradstreet's eyes that told the old tale of how dangerous the female animal becomes when aroused in the defence of her loved ones.

"Whatever is done must be done this very night—at once," she went on. "The opportunity will scarce repeat itself. The Hancock House is at the other end of the town; discipline will be lax, and the soldiers gathered at the taverns. A messenger must be found who will take the word to Captain Bradstreet to despatch the Jesuits' bark to Cambridge without delay. But whom to send! No, no; not you. You must

remain and find out the enemy's next move. They are not like to be idle, but their difficulty of finding a trustworthy messenger is as great — perchance greater than ours!"

"Aunt, let me go!"

It was a girl's voice. Unobserved, Nanny had slipped into the room and been a listener to her aunt's last words.

"You — no, child, it is not to be thought of!" returned Mrs. Bradstreet.

"If I should be missed, if the officers question my absence, it is by Doctor Church's directions that I am keeping to my couch," urged the girl, her clear, dark eyes full of earnestness, the sweet, sensitive mouth tremulous with feeling. "Besides, if I am met on the road and questioned," she went on, "I am going to my wounded father. Throughout New England the name of Simon Bradstreet is a password," she added, proudly.

"But your foot?" Mrs. Bradstreet was evidently thinking rapidly.

"'Tis not so painful, at present, that I cannot walk," answered Nanny, smiling. "If I am lame, for a little, after the errand is done, sure, 'tis no matter to cry over."

"Once beyond the British lines, the country is patriotic, but the road from here to Kennebunk is long, the stage-coach betwixt here and Portsmouth has stopped running, and you may meet with unexpected difficulties. You must not fail! Whatever chance, the message must be taken to your father. Think well, Anne!" the childish name unconsciously giving place to that of maturity.

"I will not fail," answered the girl, steadfastly.

"How to get through the lines! It were impossible to procure a pass after this new proclamation —"

"I have a plan," broke in the boy, eagerly. "That night, last April, when I helped row Revere across the river, I took the canoe back to its old hiding-place beneath Ruck's Wharf. There I am confident I shall still find it. By keeping the channel between Charlestown and Noddle Island, I can pass unseen the *Somerset* and the British batteries on Bunker's Hill, and skirting along Hog Island, paddle up the creek at Chelsea, beyond the British outposts."

"Thence you will soon strike the Salem turnpike," went on Mrs. Bradstreet, in rapid direc-

tion. "A walk of five or six miles takes you to the tavern at Saugus. Landlord Newhall will farther you to Portsmouth; beyond, you must use your own discretion. Now that the British know our secret, it is a fight against time between us, and the delay even of seconds might be fatal. Get ready instantly. I will fetch you a flask of brandy. Only mind, do not touch it except in extremity. You would best not leave the house together. Go from the front door, and await your companion around the corner beneath the garden wall," she directed the boy. A few minutes later she withdrew the bolt of a door in the rear of the mansion.

"God keep you, my child," she said.

There was no embrace, no display of emotion. The strong Puritan heart, the clear Puritan head, the indomitable Puritan will, sent out this girl, dear to her as her own child, to do her part for her country, as many a mother was sending her son to suffer or to die.

While the British general and his officers danced and caroused through the hours of that night, three miles distant, on the other side of the river, kept watch "the noblest figure



that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life."

At sunset there had been signs of increasing cold. To all human prescience only in a sharp frost lay the hope that the sore sickness with which the little army was smitten would be ended. Familiar enough to one accustomed to the havoc wrought by the pestilential swamps of the Southern lowlands, the "shaking fever" struck terror, from its very strangeness, to the hearts of men born and bred in the pure bracing air of New England.

But as the last of Lord Percy's boon companions staggered from the stately mansion by Boston Common, there where the Charles twisted itself through the Cambridge meadows, Washington turned from the window with a sigh, for he knew that not for many a day would come the frost to heal the bitter sickness. Yet even then, the darkest hour of the struggle, the faith of the great leader did not falter.

"How it will end, God in His great goodness will direct," he said.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BROAD ARROW.

THE silence between Nanny and her companion was unbroken till they reached the deserted wharf, and Anthony assisted her to a place in the canoe.

"The paddle should be muffled," he whispered. "I may find a piece of old sail-cloth above." He rose to pull himself up to the wharf.

"Wait a minute," returned Nanny, softly, and directly there fell at the boy's feet something soft and warm. It was the little rebel's petticoat.

It was not till he had landed her on the Chelsea shore that the boy spoke again.

"You don't think me, now, an 'execrable parricide?'" he questioned.

"Not now," whispered Nanny. Then she hastened forward over the wind-swept marshes.

At nightfall, the following day, she was set down in Portsmouth, at the door of the *Marquis of Rockingham*. Without delay, Landlord Newhall set out on his return journey,



and presently Nanny had forgotten fatigue and her strange surroundings in sleep. Early the following morning she was aroused by a commotion below. The landlady and the maid-servants were in the tap-room, gathered about a woman extended on the settle.

"It's Mistress Tilton's daughter," explained the maid to whom Nanny addressed herself. "She's walked every step of the way from Falmouth,<sup>1</sup> where they're cutting everybody's throats without by your leave. Oh, Lordy, we shall all be murdered in our beds!"

Nanny leaned against the wall, sick and faint. There rushed upon her the old tales of the French and Indian Wars, many of the most hideous tragedies of which had taken place in the neighbourhood of her own home. There was vivid in her mind the scenes of that terrible seventeenth of June!

Presently Mrs. Tilton, after making her daughter comfortable in bed, returned to the tap-room, and confirmed the maid's incoherent utterances. Two days ago, Falmouth had been surprised by the appearance, in the offing, of five vessels. They speedily warped up the harbour, and lay in line before the town, when a letter from Captain Mowatt, the commander of the squadron, was sent ashore. It was to the effect that unless, by nine o'clock, all the arms and ammunition in the town were surrendered, Falmouth would be destroyed. Falmouth employed the

<sup>1</sup> Now Portland.

interval in removing the stores to a place of safety, and sent back an uncompromising refusal.

Prompt on the hour, a blood-red pennant went up to the masthead of the flag-ship, and the bombardment began. Parties came on shore to set buildings on fire, and to murder the inhabitants in cold blood. With other panic-stricken fugitives, Mrs. Tilton's daughter fled, and, after several days and nights of suffering, at last reached Portsmouth.

"'Tis said our turn will come next," said the landlady. "Be that as it may, I stay here. You will not fare farther?" she added, anxiously.

Nanny struggled with a terrible temptation. Why not remain here in comparative safety till the peril was over, or, at least, till more was known with certitude?

Then there swept over her the thought of the suffering army — of Boston in its extremity! She recalled her promise to her aunt and her renewed vow. With a sudden sweep of exaltation seemingly beyond the capacity of her years, she felt herself one with those devoted men who, in this cause, had "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour."

And all the intensity of conscience, inherited from her namesake of long ago, urged her forward.

"You cannot go by the highway," said Mrs. Tilton. "The Britishers are like to land anywhere along the coast!"

"Then I will go by the back country roads," returned Nanny, steadfastly. "I am no fine lady, afraid of a little jolting," she added. "I have taken many a long ride along our beaches or through the forests, on a pillion behind my father, watching the men fell the trees that the brig *Chuzan* was to carry to Spain and Portugal."

"What the Britishers left us!" grumbled the landlady, whose patriotism had been mightily increased by personal wrongs. "They were aye fond of putting the broad arrow upon the straightest, tallest pines in our forests, and woe betide the man who cut down the tree on which the crown surveyor had set his mark. But 'tis not for pirates and cut-throats that we grow our forests, and last May, when a brig from England came into Portsmouth on its errand, it was told to look elsewhere to supply the dock-yards of Bristol and Aberdeen. We were

not alone in our defiance, and 'tis to punish us for these actions, doubtless, that Mowatt is laying waste the coast ! ”

Trade, and not the religious impulse — as was the case with the other New England col-



onies — was the impelling motive that led to the settlement of Maine. Hence, roads being regarded as of more importance than meeting-houses, a result of this difference was a fine highway, stretching along the entire coast, such

as scarce another of the colonies could boast. In the sparsely settled country farther inland, however, the only means of communication were cart-tracks, or, in the forest, mere bridle-paths, "blazed" by the woodman's axe.

"The usual charge of the *Marquis* for a horse is threepence a mile, but not a penny do we take from the daughter of Simon Bradstreet," said the landlady. "You'll make the distance by nightfall to the old Barnet garrison-house. The Barnet folks will keep you overnight, and set you on your way in the morning. Portsmouth folks and Boston folks were ever good friends, and God save Boston in her need, say I!" were the good woman's parting words.

The old garrison-house had given refuge to a party of fugitives from Falmouth, who repeated the tale of terror. But there was no longer room for hesitation in Nanny's mind, and at an early hour the following morning she set out on her journey through the forest. The day was mild for the season, and, as it advanced toward noon, became oppressively warm. Moss-grown boulders impeded her path, and the bushes sent forth long shoots that caught her gown, or stabbed her with dagger-like points.



Early frosts had cracked the ground, and the succeeding thaw had converted these fissures into trap-like bog-holes of uncertain depth.

All at once the horse stopped and turned his head, saying, as plainly as animal could, that the task was beyond equine powers. There was no help for it! Nancy slipped from the saddle, knotted the reins about his neck, and stood watching him out of sight. Then she continued her way afoot, trying to disregard the pain in her injured ankle, that had already given premonitory twinges. Her hands and feet were soon torn and bleeding; every inch gained was pain. By and by her ankle, the pain become poignant, refused to bear her weight. She went forward on her hands and knees.

Her thoughts dwelt persistently on the little flask of brandy in her bosom. A few sips of the potent liquor would warm and cheer her, but she combated the ever growing desire to gain brief comfort for limbs and heart, at the possible cost of her brain becoming less clear, her will less dominant.

It was past midnight when she at last emerged from the woods. Kennebunk lay

across the fields to the sea, only two miles distant. Not till then did she raise the brandy to her lips.

Crouched by her father's bedside, she told him of Boston's need.

"And I must lie here, — a useless hulk ! Curse the rascal who fired that shot !" muttered Captain Bradstreet. "All the men who can pull a rope, are aboard ship, except old Hank Haff, and there's not a seagoing craft in the port ; though 'twould be, indeed, only Heaven's own chance that could enable a vessel to dodge the scouting boats of the British fleet in Boston Harbour, and land the stuff anywhere on the Massachusetts coast. By land it must be, then, though there's nary horse in Kennebunk. We're not fond, man or woman, of trusting ourselves to a treacherous four-legged beast, when we have the broad sea and a good ship to take us whither we would. Deacon Tebbett's ox-team may not be a lively craft, but — ha, what's that ? "

For the sound of a horse's hoofs echoed through the still morning air. In a place where a horse was almost a fabled creature, the very sound was momentous. Forgetful of pain,

to the British outposts on the Neck, and was made prisoner. At his own request he was brought before Lord Howe. He was the man they wanted."

"It's a pity his Excellency left a good job half done," muttered Captain Bradstreet. "May a rope complete the choking, and may I be present."

"Mrs. Bradstreet, whom I immediately acquainted with the development of matters, now thought it time that General Washington should be informed. 'Twas she, sir, who planned for me to get to the provincial camp."

"My brother's wife has a head on her shoulders," assented the captain.

"General Ruggles has chafed not a little at his fare since the siege. I made bold to suggest that fresh fish might be an agreeable change from pork and beans. He had no difficulty in procuring me a fishing pass from the vice-admiral of the fleet, with liberty to get bait on Governor's Island. I rowed out as far as Dorchester flats and landed. If I were observed by any of the vessels in the harbour — they keep a sharp lookout — I was digging clams for bait. I worked gradually off from

the shore till it was dark; then climbing Dorchester Heights, I was soon in the provincial camp.

"My story tallied, fortunately, with information that his Excellency had already received regarding Doctor Church's treachery. A letter writ by him to General Gage last spring, revealing the weakness of the provincial army, had just been placed in General Washington's hands.

"I was of light weight, accustomed to riding, — indeed, I once won the Newmarket for his Grace, — and time was of the utmost importance. His Excellency gave me a passport and ordered his own magnificent charger to be saddled. 'There's not his like in New England — no, nor even in Virginia,' said his black servant, as he brought the horse to the door. Faith, he might have added, 'Nor in all England.'

"How did you contrive to learn the enemy's plans?" questioned the captain.

"General Ruggles was presented with a load of fire-wood from some buildings just torn down," answered the boy, after a momentary hesitation. "It was my work to saw the joists and planks

into suitable lengths for the fireplace. The shed was next my master's study. I contrived to bore a hole through the partition, and as I piled the wood I leaned some stout bits of timber against the rear wall so as to form a sort of lean-to, about big enough for a rat to crawl through, taking care to conceal the entrance. Whenever my master had visitors I wriggled along this passage, and put my ear to the augur hole. I was never absent from my task more than a few minutes at a time, so no suspicion was aroused. There was even talk about sending me on the errand to Portsmouth, but the hazard was deemed too great. They honoured me by saying I should be taken for my Lord Percy," added the boy, with a smile.

"We shall have further need of your services, my lad," said the captain. "That's old Hank's step."

Then, as now, the finest sailors in the world were born and bred on the coast of Maine. Then, as now, from Kittery to Eastport, along its fir-crowned cliffs and the endless intricacies of its fiords and island-dotted bays, no name, borne from father to son, was held in higher honour than that of Hank Haff.

"Hank, can you swim?" asked Captain Bradstreet, with grim significance.

"What call hev I ter know how ter swim?" responded the old sailor, indignantly. "Only landlubbers need learn how ter swim. I calkerlate ter keep in the boat."

"Will you sail for Marblehead in your sloop this afternoon?"

"Cap'n, if them's the orders, I'll sail fer hell! — an' hell it'll be, outside, afore dark," said Hank Haff, solemnly.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE REBECCA AND POLLY.

“A BRITISHER’s mind isn’t rigged like a Yankee’s. It sails best on a straight course; it doesn’t come natural to veer and tack. There’s none of Mowatt’s men as good at following a trail as our backwoodsmen, but Deacon Tebbett’s ox-team will make tracks a blind man could see,” chuckled the captain. “If the *Rebecca and Polly* can slip under the Britishers’ noses, I’ll answer for it that not a ship in Mowatt’s squadron — no, nor in the Royal Navy — dare follow outside Cape Porpoise. A nor’easter on our coast is no joke, even to the men of our parts; and it isn’t every man amongst us who could bring a ship through it from here to Marblehead — let alone a little fishing-sloop, single-handed. But the man who can do it is old Hank Haff!

"But you are running your head into a noose, I fear, my boy!"

The jubilant note died out of Captain Bradstreet's voice. In its stead was one of manly sympathy, though his sense of duty would not permit his regret, however poignant, to turn him from the course that he saw plain and open before him.

"I can give my life as well—or maybe better than many another, sir," answered the boy, simply. "There's no one to miss me if they do hang me."

"They'll scarce hang you for a spy in that rig, at all events," said the captain. Anthony was dressed in some discarded clothes of his own. "But Mowatt is a devil, afloat or ashore, and he won't take kindly to a Yankee trick. Remember that every league you lead the landing party from the port gives old Hank a better chance. Good-bye, my lad, and God be with you!"

Nanny had been a silent but intensely interested listener to the colloquy between her father and Anthony Severn. Exhausted though she was, of rest she would not hear. She had laid aside her wet garments for a frock partially outgrown and left behind when she went to



Boston to be "finished;" her hair hung below her waist in a childish braid.

As Anthony turned to her with a silent bow of farewell, she extended both her hands; tears were in her eyes as she said, softly:



"If they take you, and — and do anything to you, there is some one who will be very, very sorry. If you come back, though it may be years and years from now, there is some one who will be very, very glad!"

Perhaps her words gave him courage; perhaps he spoke out of the boldness with which

one who sees his last moments draw near lays aside the conventionalities and fripperies of life, and speaks out of his very heart. His face, too, lost the moody look that sometimes, in repose, marred its beauty.

"If I come back," he said, "though it may be years and years from now, I will come to you and say what, a nameless nobody, I may not speak of now. It will be the thought of you that will give me courage to win a name that shall ring as fair as that of Percy of Northumberland!"

He bent his head low over her outstretched hand, touched it lightly, reverently, with his lips, and was gone.

Nanny still crouched by the window, her head resting on the wide sill, watching, listening, waiting, through the long hours of that morning. In her waking moments, and in the dream-like stupor of pain and exhaustion that now and again overcame her, rang the words of the brave old ballad, with a new and tender meaning, as they would ring through all the changes of the coming years :

"Earl Percy out of Northumberland  
And a vow to God made he!"

Captain Bradstreet's bed commanded a view of the sea. During his confinement his chief occupation and one consolation had been to scan the horizon with his long telescope, partly from lifelong habit and partly in hopes of seeing the brig *Chusan* coming into port with another prize in tow. No sail ever escaped his watchful eye.

It was broad daylight when he saw a sail looming up from under the horizon ; soon another sail lifted, and then others followed at regular intervals in line ahead. There were five in all, three full-rigged frigates and two brigs. They had all sail set, and bowled along with a bone in their teeth. There was no doubting the nationality of the vessels, for the English flag could now be plainly seen flying at the peak. The two leading frigates and the two brigs were regular men-of-war ; the fifth was evidently a store-ship, as she did not have any broadside guns. It was apparent to the captain that they were heading a direct course for an anchorage off the town.

"It'll take 'em till near noon to get in," said he. "They've nobody aboard, probably, who knows the harbour, and there's been no chart

of the coast since Captain John Smith's time — and I shouldn't advise anybody to cruise off Cape Porpoise in a rising nor'easter with no better guide than that."

The ill tidings spread amongst the townsfolk, and the women and children gathered on the beach to watch the sight.

When about two miles from shore, the sailors swarmed aloft and quickly hauled up and snugly furled the mainsails. Then all the headsails except the jib were hauled down and stowed. They crept slowly along, under the jib, carefully feeling their way to a safe anchorage, guided by the soundings, which the leadsman in the port-chains gave, in his singsong drawl, after each cast of the lead. Coming to within a mile of the shore, the jibs were hauled down and the anchors let go, the vessels in line parallel with the shore, and about half a cable's-length apart.

All the boats were then lowered into the water, and as they were brought to the gangway were quickly filled with armed sailors and marines. When all the boats were filled, they were rapidly pulled ashore in regular man-of-war order. Upon landing, the men were formed

into companies, the whole command being under the junior captain of the squadron. The crowd on the beach had long ago dispersed, with the exception of a few boys, in whom curiosity had overcome fear, but who remained at a respectful distance from the formidable array.

"Deacon Tebbett's team must have gone about two leagues," said Captain Bradstreet, calmly, as he laid down his telescope. "'Twill soon be old Hank's turn!"

Along the one street of the town marched the bluejackets till they came to the meeting-house. The captain, with one of his officers and a file of men, entered the building. The door beneath the high winding stairs of the pulpit, flung wide open, indicated the recent place of concealment of the Jesuits' bark. The two officers stood in brief consultation by the rear entrance, looking at the heavy cart-tracks recently made in the mud. Certain other tracks had been easily obliterated by a few shovel-fuls of loose earth and two or three pails of water.

"'Tis plain they got it out of the place as soon as we came in sight. In fact, with the sea that's running outside, their only chance was

to take it by land, never thinking we'd got wind of it. But they'll find we're not to be caught napping! An hour at the double-quick ought to bring us up with them. Remain here with a squad of your men, and search every house in the village, from attic to cellar."

Straight ahead ran the road, the cart-tracks plainly visible. Unaccustomed to walking as were the sailors and marines, their progress was made additionally difficult by the mire of the road and their heavy accoutrements, so that it required all the officers' urging to keep them at the double-quick. Meantime the search-party went from house to house till it reached Captain Bradstreet's.

"How do I know what's going on outside?" demanded the wounded sailor. "I put into port a week ago, and if you want to learn anything more of affairs in Kennebunk, you'll have to ask somebody else!" and as no threat could elicit anything further from Simon Bradstreet, the officer left him under guard and continued his search.

The midshipman left in charge of the boats presently noticed a dory, with a solitary occupant, putting out toward a little one-masted

fishing-sloop not far distant. The old man was stepping leisurely aboard when hailed from the shore.

"Says he's going out to the islands to look after his lobster-pots, sir," was the report. "It's coming on to blow hard, and he's afraid they'll be swept out to sea."

Permission was given for the old fisherman to proceed.

The *Rebecca and Polly* passed under the bows of the flag-ship.

"Boat passing!" sang out the sentry to the quartermaster, who reported to the officer of the deck. "Answers lobster-pots, sir," he added, after a brief colloquy with the occupant of the boat.

Had any suspicion of its real character dawned upon the officers of the *Canceau*, every gun on board would have been trained upon the *Rebecca and Polly*, and she would have been blown out of the water. But no further notice was taken of the little sloop that slipped along the length of the flag-ship and was soon far away.

At the top of a long ascent, the main body of the landing-party came in sight of the evi-

dent object of their quest, — a cart drawn by oxen, with a boy walking by their side. He had apparently seen his pursuers, for he was making a frantic effort to goad his unwieldy team to greater effort. A musket-shot, ringing close to his ears, gave the order to halt. He cast a glance over his shoulder, hesitated ; then, as a score of muskets were threateningly raised, he checked the oxen, faced about, and, with folded arms, calmly awaited the oncoming of the British.

“What do you want of me, sir?” he inquired, imperturbably, as the captain panted up the hill.

“We don’t want you, you Yankee whelp!” cried the officer, “except to give you a sound flogging for leading us on this infernal chase. We’ll take that!” he added, with a gesture toward the cart.

“I don’t see what you gentlemen of the Royal Navy want with a load of seaweed for top-dressing that I’m taking to the folks up along,” answered the boy, with unabated coolness. “But as you’ve come some distance for it, and your boots seem rather muddy, you may have it, and welcome!”



"No impudence, young sir," frowned the captain.

The lieutenant, meantime, had taken from the cart the tarpaulin that was spread over its contents. Nothing but dry seaweed was visible. With the discarded ox-goad the young officer pried into the mass, turned it over and over. He looked up to meet the same sudden mistrust on the captain's face that was visible upon his own.

"Take out the oxen and let your men overturn the cart," ordered the commanding officer.

Anthony, under the guard of two marines, appeared quite unconcerned during this procedure. Indeed, his gaze was directed out at sea.

The contents of the cart lay by the roadside, — seaweed, raked from the beach where the tide had flung it high and dry. Nothing more.

"Where's that Jesuits' bark?" cried the captain.

The boy's eyes, sparkling with triumph, confronted the infuriated gaze of the officer.

"*There!*" said he, pointing to a speck, scarcely discernible, in the offing. "There — where you won't get it — in old Hank Haff's

sloop, making for Marblehead at ten knots an hour!"

A girl's face, pressed against a window in the port, looked down upon the returning force. She saw only in their midst a boyish figure, guarded by bayonets, and with pinioned arms, yet marching with the air of a conqueror rather than of a prisoner. His eyes sought the upper window, and, steadfast as his own, met those of the girl.

That was the last glimpse Nanny Bradstreet had of Anthony Severn.

It was a dangerous position for Captain Bradstreet, — the narrowest shave of his life, he was wont, afterward, to declare. Under ordinary circumstances he would probably have been sent on board ship, and it is doubtful if his rights as a prisoner of war would have been respected. When the main body of the landing-party reached the town, it was met by the midshipman with the report :

"Signal for all on board been flying for the last hour, sir!"

With two-thirds of the force on shore, there was imperative need of haste, for the hurricane would soon be upon them. In the general

signal to embark, Captain Bradstreet's guard hastened to the boats with the rest.

Colonel Glover's regiment — of Marblehead men — had been despatched to serve as the convoy of the expected cargo. The significance of the troops' arrival had spread through the hamlet, and every one was on the alert.

A little before midnight the gun boomed from Fort Sewall that signalled the arrival of the *Rebecca and Polly*.

That night Marblehead went mad.

The precious Jesuits' bark was soon transferred to wagons, and on the road to Cambridge. Thither, too, was borne old Hank Haff in an "armchair," — formed of crossed palms, — to be set down amid the huzzas of the Continental camp.

"You have done well. I thank you, my friend," said Washington.

"The friend of Washington!" No Knight of the Garter ever felt himself honoured by a prouder title.

The winter remained a singularly mild one, and but for the opportune arrival of the Jesuits' bark, the entire provincial army might have

succumbed to the fever and ague. Its sickness healed, in the early spring fortifications were thrown up on Dorchester Heights, commanding the besieged town, and on the seventeenth of March, 1776, Washington, at the head of his troops, rode down from the hills, crossed the Neck, and entered Boston.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE BREAKFAST AT THE HANCOCK HOUSE.

"HAVE I your approval, madam? The train, I trust, is not too long for so stately an affair as this entertainment at the Hancock House?"

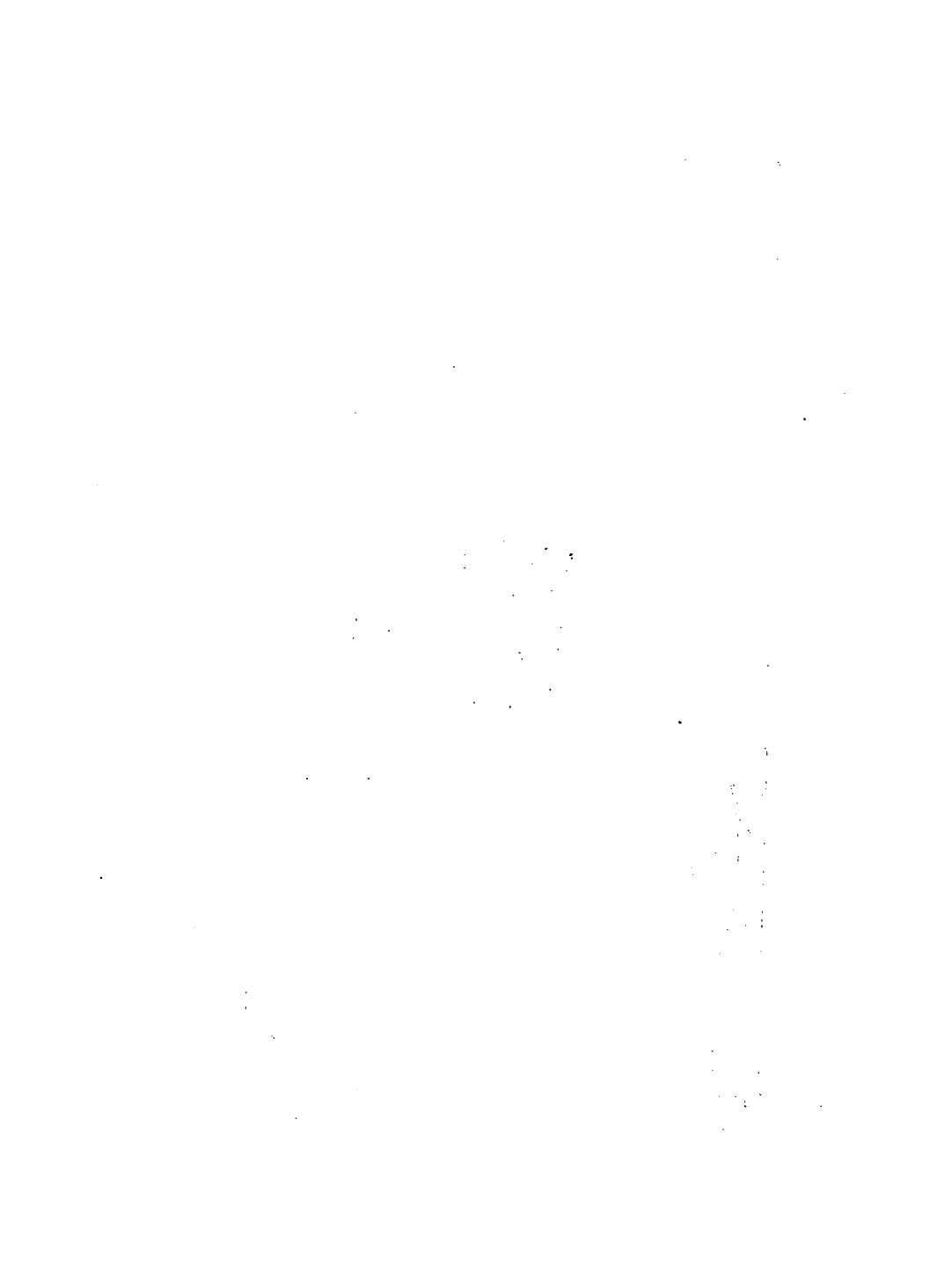
Nanny turned her head to survey critically the lustrous breadths of white brocade. Mrs. Bradstreet regarded her critically.

"The patch is well placed. A little more powder on the hair, Lucinda," she directed the negro slave woman. "The pearls become you right well, child. The young gentlemen of our sober Boston may find themselves outshone by the dashing officers of Count d'Estaing's suite. I am in no haste to part with you, my child, but the heiress of the richest sea-captain in New England will never lack for suitors, and I would fain see you married before I pass away."

There was a note of sadness in Mrs. Brad-



**"NANNY TURNED HER HEAD TO SURVEY CRITICALLY  
THE LUSTROUS BREADTHS OF WHITE BROCADE." 113**



street's voice. Her husband had never recovered from the rigours of his confinement on board the prison-ship, and died soon after the evacuation of Boston.

"I am shamefully old, am I not, to be still unwedded?" returned the girl, smiling. "You were wooed and married and a' at fifteen," she went on, turning to her own image in the glass, "and I, tall and well grown though I am, am still unsought! Seventeen to-day, — St. Botolph's day!" she added, under her breath, for there were times when the dear childish fancy returned in its old force, and the seventeenth of June was one of them.

"Not unsought, Anne," corrected her aunt, gravely. "In my day, indeed, 'twas no common thing to see a young and beautiful girl turn so coldly from men whom any woman in Boston, ay, any woman in the Colonies, might be proud and happy to wed. Were it not, in all the years you have been under my roof, that you have displayed the same indifference to every one alike, I should e'en suspect you of cherishing some secret image in your heart."

Mrs. Bradstreet looked keenly at the girl, who had suddenly turned away, and was en-



gaged in picking up fan and handkerchief and scent-bottle.

"I feel like the butterfly when he emerges from the cocoon, to find himself decked in all the colours of the rainbow," she said, gaily. "The war, indeed, has passed from Boston, but till it has passed from the entire country our town will wear its sad-coloured raiment. But for to-day, in honour of our French friends, we are to deck ourselves in our richest apparel, our finest jewels. I was thinking but now, dear aunt," went on the girl, "of the time, three years ago, when Lord Percy was to give his ball at the Hancock House. I remember the unmeasured scorn I poured upon Bathsheba Church's frailty. Poor light-hearted, light-headed Bathsheba. She loved, indeed, the present world too well! I misdoubt me, now," added Nanny, smiling, "if a little envy did not lurk within our hearts at the thought of our friend in her gay attire, walking the minuet with Earl Percy, while we nursed our patriotism, in linsey-woolsey, at home. Hannah is happily married now, and has remained a true Daughter of Liberty."

"The child, in years, displayed the heart and will of the woman of less strenuous times,"

returned her aunt, gravely. "Small wonder had that dreadful journey cost you your life. As it was, you were ill for weeks, and lame for many months afterward."

"My only grief was that I might not behold General Washington, as he rode, that day, through the town he had liberated!" said Nanny. "The names of Church and Arnold will form the darkest stain in the history of the Revolution!" she added, gravely.

"Doctor Church's fate was a strange one!" mused Mrs. Bradstreet. "Confronted with the evidence of his guilt, he attempted no denial. His sentence was banishment,—one all too light in view of his heinous crimes, the betrayal of his friend and of his country! The vessel to the West Indies, on which he took passage, was never heard of again; to this day it is unknown whether it foundered at sea, or was seized by pirates, and all on board compelled to walk the plank. But enough of reminiscence! I would not cloud your pleasure with sad memories, and Madam Hancock likes not her young guests to be tardy."

"I trust she will deign to approve my appearance," smiled Nanny. "You know our gover-

nor's lady has been heard to say that she would never forgive a young girl who did not dress to please, nor one who seemed pleased with her dress."

John Hancock had come to his own again. He was no longer the proscribed rebel, but the honoured governor of Massachusetts.

The master and mistress of the finest mansion in New England knew well how to keep the state becoming to the first magistrate of the province. Childless herself, Madam Hancock loved to surround herself with a little court, and several of the daughters of her kinsfolk, and of friends in Boston, were generally to be found as guests at the Hancock House.

As she crossed the Common, to Nanny's surprise, she observed an unusual commotion about the upper terrace, which, as she drew nearer, appeared to have its origin within the mansion. The stately dignity of the Hancock House was never known to be marred by haste or disturbance, but, to her amazement, she now beheld the numerous servants, the governor's life-guard, and even several people whom she recognised as guests, hurrying to the Common laden with ewers, mugs, bowls, pails, — in fact,

every available utensil seemed to have been seized upon, not even excepting the porringers and tankards of the governor's prized pewter service, and the silver punch-bowls and pitchers with the "tower mark" on which it was known that my lady set extraordinary value. From the steward of the mansion, whom Nanny found in the midst of the excitement, she procured an explanation of this extraordinary scene.

It appeared that there had been a mistake in the number of the expected guests. The invitation from the governor to Count d'Estaing had included thirty of his officers. The admiral had misread the figures, and sent an acceptance of his Excellency's "bounteous hospitality" to himself and his officers, supposing that it included those of the entire fleet, — not excepting the midshipmen, — in number amounting to three hundred!

The information of the error had reached the Hancock House only that morning; the breakfast hour was at eleven. Ten times the expected number of guests must be provided for, or the courtesy due from the governor of Massachusetts to a guest of state, would be at fault. It was even possible that at a critical juncture the

sorely needed help of France might be withdrawn — weightier effects had been wrought by more trivial causes. Worst of all, a stigma would be cast upon the hospitality of the Hancock House!

The mistress of the mansion proved equal to the occasion; wagons were despatched into the country for fruit and vegetables.

“Milk all the cows on the Common,” commanded Madam Hancock.

Another difficulty presented itself. Nearly everybody in Boston kept a cow in the Common pasture. Numerous though the governor’s retainers were, it was speedily found that the number of those who knew how to milk was inadequate to the occasion.

“Give me, too, a pail,” said Nanny. “I have not forgotten how to play the milkmaid!”

It was no time to demur. The governor’s great silver loving-cup was brought her, and Nanny, tucking the long train of her gown under her arm, hastened over the way.

“You — Mistress Bradstreet!” exclaimed the captain of the body-guards, as the girl appeared on the Common.

“Why not? I can milk as well as another!

answered Nanny, merrily. "Our old minister, at home, gave me a fine calf, when I was a child," she explained. "They would not let me milk her, despite my entreaties, saying I would spoil the pretty creature. But by means of rising early and stealing out before the household was astir, I learnt the art, by myself. Perhaps a little instruction to these gentlemen may not be amiss!" she added, smiling.

The cows had of course been milked that morning, at the usual hour, six o'clock; and though evidently surprised at the novel procedure of milking them again a few hours later, they submitted meekly to the process, when approached by experienced hands. In other cases, they did not fail to show their resentment. The difficulty of the novice was increased by the fact that it was a warm morning, flies were numerous, and the cows unusually restive. Many a foaming tankard and ewer was upset before the milkman could withdraw from his dangerous proximity, and the governor's great silver tankard — hitherto devoted exclusively to hot punch — received a blow from the hoof of a hitherto gentle "bossy" that left an ineffaceable dent as a memorial of that famous June

breakfast. Nanny's deft fingers were soon in demand, and her instructions to assistants in their gay uniforms formed a merry part of the novel scene.

"You must not do that — the cow won't give down the milk. So, so! Use the whole hand — not the thumb and forefinger. That is what we call 'stripping.' It hurts the cow."

Another young gentleman was walking perseveringly after the cow, who as persistently stepped away, just as the would-be milker knelt by her side, — a scene that was causing much laughter and not a few jeers from the bystanders. Under the present auspices, indeed, cow and milkman bid fair to complete the circuit of the Common, with the pail still unfilled.

"I think you would succeed better if you were on the right side of the cow," suggested Nanny, gently.

The heated and exasperated officer appeared inclined to argue the matter with the contumacious "bossy."

"Now, what possible difference can that make to you?" he demanded, as the cow, with a contemptuous whisk of her tail, again

moved from his neighbourhood. "Halt!" But the animal showed herself indifferent even to military discipline.

"Court-martial her, lieutenant!" called a voice from the crowd.

"They are accustomed to being milked on the right side," explained Nanny. "No matter how familiar a cow may be with the milker, she will never allow him to approach on the left side. So, bossy, so, bossy, so, so." The deep, thick foam on the quick stream of milk that followed testified to the skilled hands now at work.

"They are coming, they are coming!" The uncertain murmur swelled to the excited utterance, and the crowd drew as near the expected line of march as the guards would allow. Too late to retreat, Nanny drew back amid the throng of retainers to watch the French admiral and his suite cross the Common, from the West Street entrance. It was the most brilliant display ever witnessed in Boston. "The Common seemed bedizened with gold lace," Madam Hancock was wont to say afterward, in referring to the splendid scene.

With bared heads, Count d'Estaing and his



officers ascended the flight of stone steps before the Hancock House. On its wide threshold stood the governor, resplendent in crimson velvet and diamonds, and the governor's lady, arrayed in the famous India muslin that had been woven to her express order.

In the drawing-room awaited the young ladies who were to assist at the entertainment of the guests.

Nanny crushed back the bitter disappointment as she made her way to a back entrance and slipped up a small staircase to the room set apart for the accommodation of Madame Hancock's little court. She viewed herself before the mirror in dismay. Her elaborately dressed hair was loosened by her exertions, on her silken slipper was a green stain, left by the deep June grass, and one of her long, black lace mits had been somewhere dropped. Tears of dismay and fright came into the girl's eyes. She had doubly incurred her hostess's displeasure in her disordered dress and unpardonable tardiness! Were it not wiser to slip down the little back staircase and make the best of her way home? For a moment she wavered.

Her place by the governor's side, the seat

of honour, would be empty. Good and kind though Governor Hancock was, she knew well that an invitation to the Hancock House on such an occasion was regarded as a matter of state, and she dared not set aside the governor's will and pleasure. Summoning all her courage, she passed slowly down the great staircase and entered the deserted drawing-room. The hum of voices from the banquet-hall beyond told her that the guests were already at the table.

She drew aside the heavy silken draperies that separated the two rooms. Her face and figure thrown into strong relief against the crimson background, she stood for a moment measuring the distance to the farther end of the long room. The young officer who occupied the seat on the left of Madam Hancock had risen, and, advancing to where she stood, was proffering his escort.

What had happened? Time had gone back three years, and she was at Lord Percy's ball, — the handsome, brilliant young earl was waiting to lead her to the minuet. No, it was not Lord Percy.

The whole brilliant scene swam before her.

Past and present mingled. She was back in the upper room in the little seaport town, looking through the chill rain upon a figure below, guarded, with pinioned arms. The face was upraised to hers. Through her brain throbbed the words of Chevy Chase :

“ Earl Percy out of Northumberland,  
And a vow to God made he ! ”

The vow had been kept, and before her stood Anthony Severn.

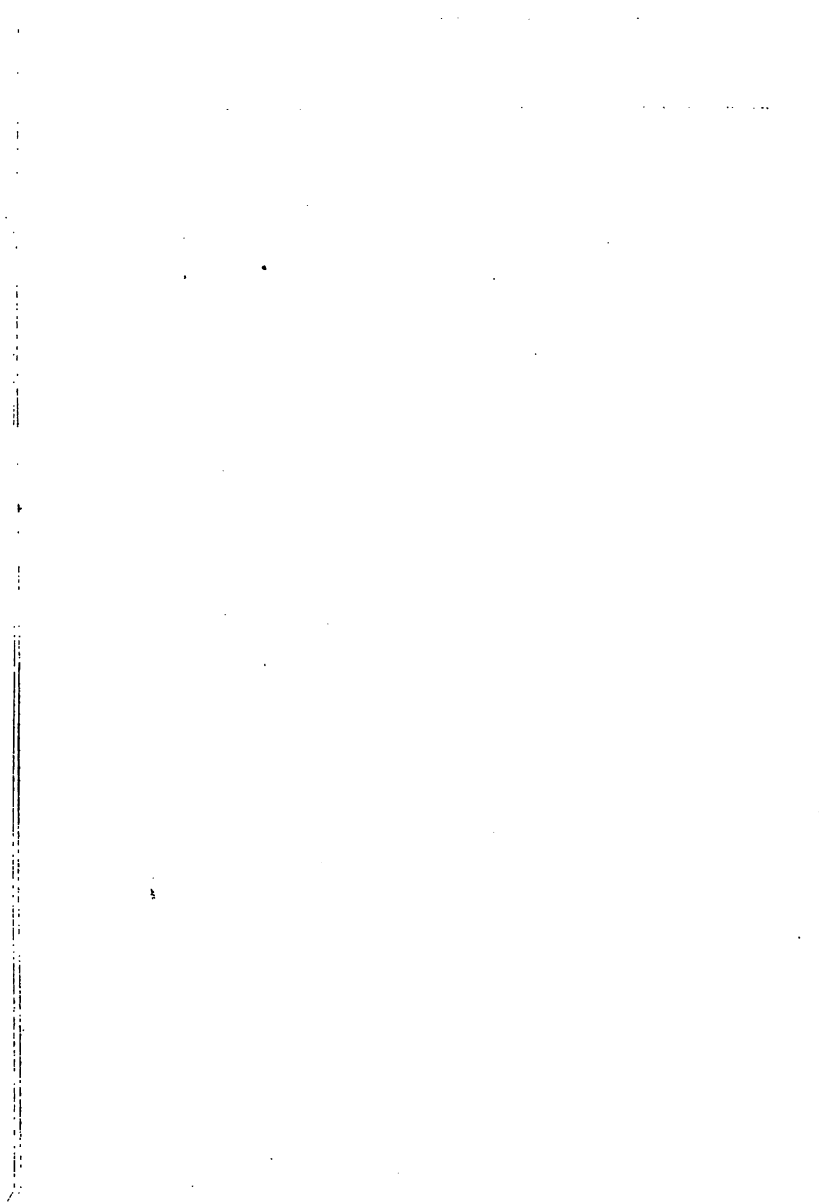
Though the story of two lives was completed in that breathless second, and the eyes of all present were upon them, those who watched only saw the belated guest rest the tips of her fingers on the arm of the admiral's young aid. Together they paced the length of the great hall.

“ Small wonder Boston men are brave, when Boston women are so fair ! ” whispered more than one gallant guest. “ A seemly pair ! ” said others.

They reached the vacant seat at the governor's side, and as the young officer bowed low before her, and Mistress Bradstreet curtsied her thanks, she raised her eyes to his. There was no need of words to say :



"SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT MEASURING THE DISTANCE TO THE FARTHER END OF THE LONG ROOM."



"There is some one who is very, very glad!"

Afterward, as the governor's guests wandered through the gardens of Hancock House, the admiral's aid and Nanny Bradstreet found themselves together in the little summer-house on the upper terrace. There Anthony Severn told his story, passing lightly over the earlier portion, of Captain Mowatt's rage and threats of vengeance; then, because the service lacked men, he was promised his life on condition of his entering the Royal Navy. On his refusal to accept the terms of his captors, "knowing indeed," he added, smiling, "not one rope from another," he was thrown into the hold, till his contumacy should be weakened. There, in the stirring events that followed, he was forgotten, and would probably have starved to death, had it not been for the compassion of the boatswain. How long a time was passed in this confinement he could not tell. At last he was taken to England, and thrown into the prison at Millbank. It was not long, however, before he succeeded in making his escape across the Channel. The American commissioners were at that time in Paris, endeavouring to

enlist the aid of France in the American interests.

Anthony told his story to Mr. Franklin, by whom his great service to the patriot cause was promptly recognised; for a period he remained in the service of the American statesman. Then, when the fleet under Count d'Estaing was fitting out for America, at Anthony's request Mr. Franklin procured him a position in the immediate service of the admiral, who, a man of genial temper and warm friendship for the struggling Colonies, showed, in every available way, his interest in his young aid. How Anthony's heart had leaped when the French fleet was at last headed for Boston, could scarce have been told in words.

"It was St. Botolph who brought you hither," whispered Nanny, at parting, "St. Botolph guard you and aid you till we meet again!"

Anthony Severn's opportunity soon came to win a name that might well dim the prowess of the hero of Chevy Chase. He led the French land forces at the desperate storming of Savannah, where, three times repulsed, the gallant young leader renewed the attack, to

plant at last, upon the ramparts of the Southern town, the banner under which he served.

When, shortly after, D'Estaing returned to France, Anthony received an appointment on Washington's own staff, for the great leader had not forgotten the boy who did such early and momentous service for the patriot cause. His later career, as statesman, standing steadfast at Washington's side in those first trying years of the young republic, is part of the history of our country.

A twelvemonth after the breakfast at the Hancock House, Anthony Severn and Nanny Bradstreet were married, on St. Botolph's Day — the day of the good saint who saved Boston.

THE END.





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